

# The Sketch

No. 1048.—Vol. LXXXI.

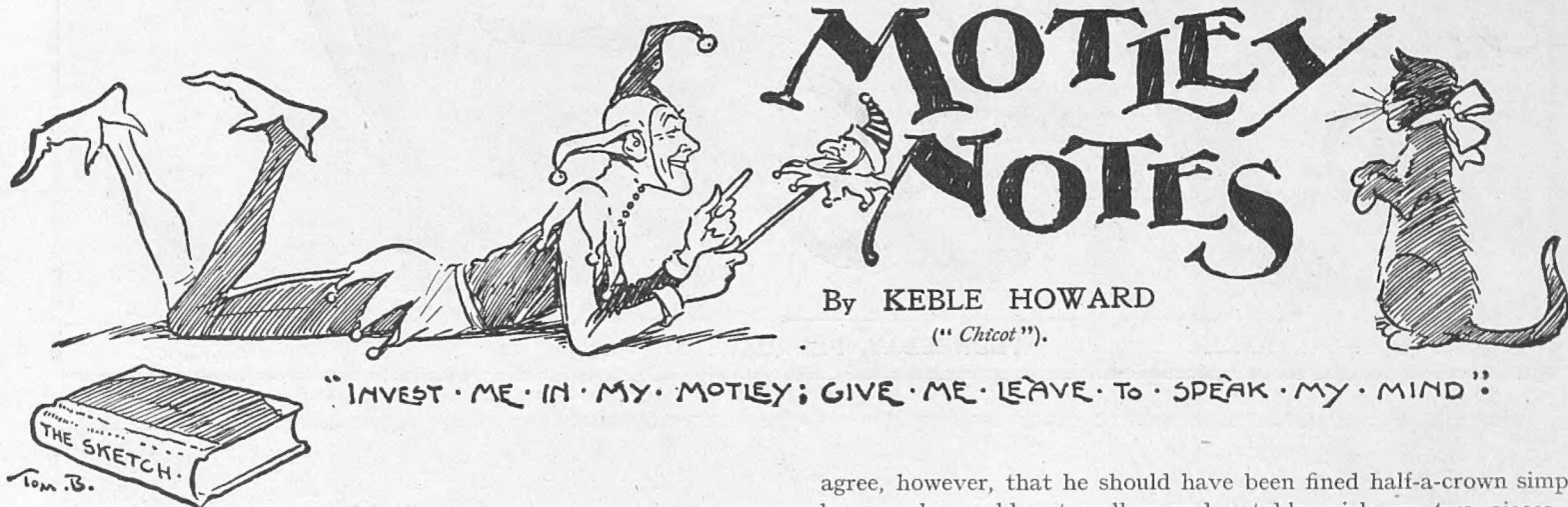
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN PERCY L. WYNDHAM, ONLY SON OF MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P.:  
THE HON. DIANA LISTER, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LORD RIBBLESDALE.

The Hon. Diana Lister, who was born in 1893, is the youngest daughter of Lord Ribblesdale. Her sisters are the Hon. Barbara Wilson and Baroness Lovat. Captain Percy Lyulph Wyndham, who was born in 1887, is in the Coldstream Guards, and is A.D.C. to the Commander of the Third Division, Southern Command. His father, who is so well known as a politician, is the elder son of the late Captain the Hon. Percy S. Wyndham, third son of the first Lord Leconfield. His mother, whose marriage took place in 1887, was then known as Sibell Mary, Countess Grosvenor, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough and widow of Earl Grosvenor (died 1884), eldest son of the first Duke of Westminster.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



### A Foolish Superstition.

I am quite aware, of course, that the moon has nothing to do with the weather. When I was very, very young, I used to think that the moon might have something to do with the weather, but the knowing ones soon knocked all that nonsense out of me.

"How could it?" they asked, staring at me hard.

"Well, I don't quite know," I confessed.

"There you are, then!"

Yes, but where was I? I was nowhere. Up to that point, I had, at any rate, been somewhere, even though the place I was in happened to be the wrong place. Don't you think it is better to be in the wrong place, friend the reader, than nowhere at all? I do. I have no patience with the knowing ones who insist upon taking your illusions from you and giving you nothing in the place of them.

However, to return to this matter of the moon. The moon will be at the full to-night, it is freezing hard, the ground is like iron, and a splendidly healthy north wind is cutting everybody to ribbons. The last time that the moon was at the full, the weather conditions were much as I have described. Granting that the moon has nothing to do with the weather, I do wish some knowing reader would tell me, briefly, why we get cold and frosty weather when the moon is at the full, and why the cold goes as the moon wanes. Has this series of coincidences been going on ever since the world began?

### The New Child.

One of my daily papers has discovered the "new child." The name of the new child is Minnie King. Interviewed by a representative of this daily paper on the subject of punishment, Minnie King said—

"Teacher would let me off—so would master, but I think I ought to be punished."

Minnie King is in the movement. She is the first child since the world began to clamour for punishment, even if she confessed her fault. We are always saying that there is nothing new under the sun, yet every day brings us face to face with something entirely new and utterly bewildering. Look at Minnie King. Here is this little child, only nine years of age, who calmly tells the world that it is weakness on the part of a teacher to forgive the child that confesses its fault.

Minnie, it seems, has already founded a new school of thought among children younger than herself. Ethel Thacker, aged eight, is one of her most ardent supporters, and there are others. One of these others, a little boy of eight, said—

"Teacher would let me off, but I do not think he ought to if I had been very bad."

Minnie's influence does not extend, however, to children older than herself. Dorothy Stilton, aged eleven, said: "Teacher ought to forgive a girl if she owns up." I see no hope for Dorothy Stilton. English by name and English by nature, there is nothing "new" about Dorothy.

### When is a Man Drunk?

"In a recent case tried by the Croydon magistrates, it was stated that a defendant was asked by the police surgeon to walk round a table. He tried three times, but failed. He also failed to tell the time by the police-station clock, and to pick up two pieces of paper. He was fined half-a-crown and costs."

It seems clear, at first sight, that our friend had passed the boundary which divides mere mortals from immortals. I cannot

agree, however, that he should have been fined half-a-crown simply because he could not walk round a table, pick up two pieces of paper, or tell the time by the police-station clock. After all, these are not tasks to set a god. Gods are never expected to walk round tables, pick up pieces of paper, or tell the time. They have nothing to do with tables, or pieces of paper, or the time of day or night.

The man who should be fined is the man who passes the boundary in the other direction and becomes a devil. Drink should elevate; it should not degrade. If I were a police-surgeon, I should discriminate between the man who gets drunk worthily and the man who gets drunk unworthily. The man who gets drunk worthily is a generous-minded, noble fellow—for the time being. He thinks fine thoughts and sees beautiful visions. He loves his fellow-man and would share his last copper—over a drink—with a beggar. The man who gets drunk unworthily is a quarrelsome, mean-spirited wretch who ought to be flogged sober and then compelled to sign the pledge.

**The Expert Speaks.** I have the greatest reverence for the expert in all walks of life. When, for instance, the man from the gas-works assures me that the gas-stove in my study would heat the room splendidly if I regulated the current of air properly, I nod gravely, thank him warmly, escort him from the premises, and then return to shiver in silence. When my gardener tells me that it is utterly impossible to make an asparagus-bed in my garden because the soil is unsuitable for the growing of asparagus, I believe him implicitly, and make up my mind to do without the asparagus-bed; and when the gardener next-door assures me that my gardener is a fool, and that there is no better soil in the district for the growing of asparagus, I believe him implicitly also, and again hope for asparagus.

It is the same with doctors. I have just read some important advice given by a West End doctor on the subject of health and the cold weather.

"Great care should be taken," says he, "that a sufficient quantity of nourishing food be eaten. At the same time, exercise is very important. Standing about during cold weather is one of the most frequent causes of illness. The proper way to get warm is to be suitably attired and take plenty of exercise."

Here is a man who knows, evidently, what he is talking about. Before reading these hints, I had decided to abandon food, remove all my clothes, and stand out in the garden, quite still, for six hours daily. Now I shan't.

### Apt Pupils.

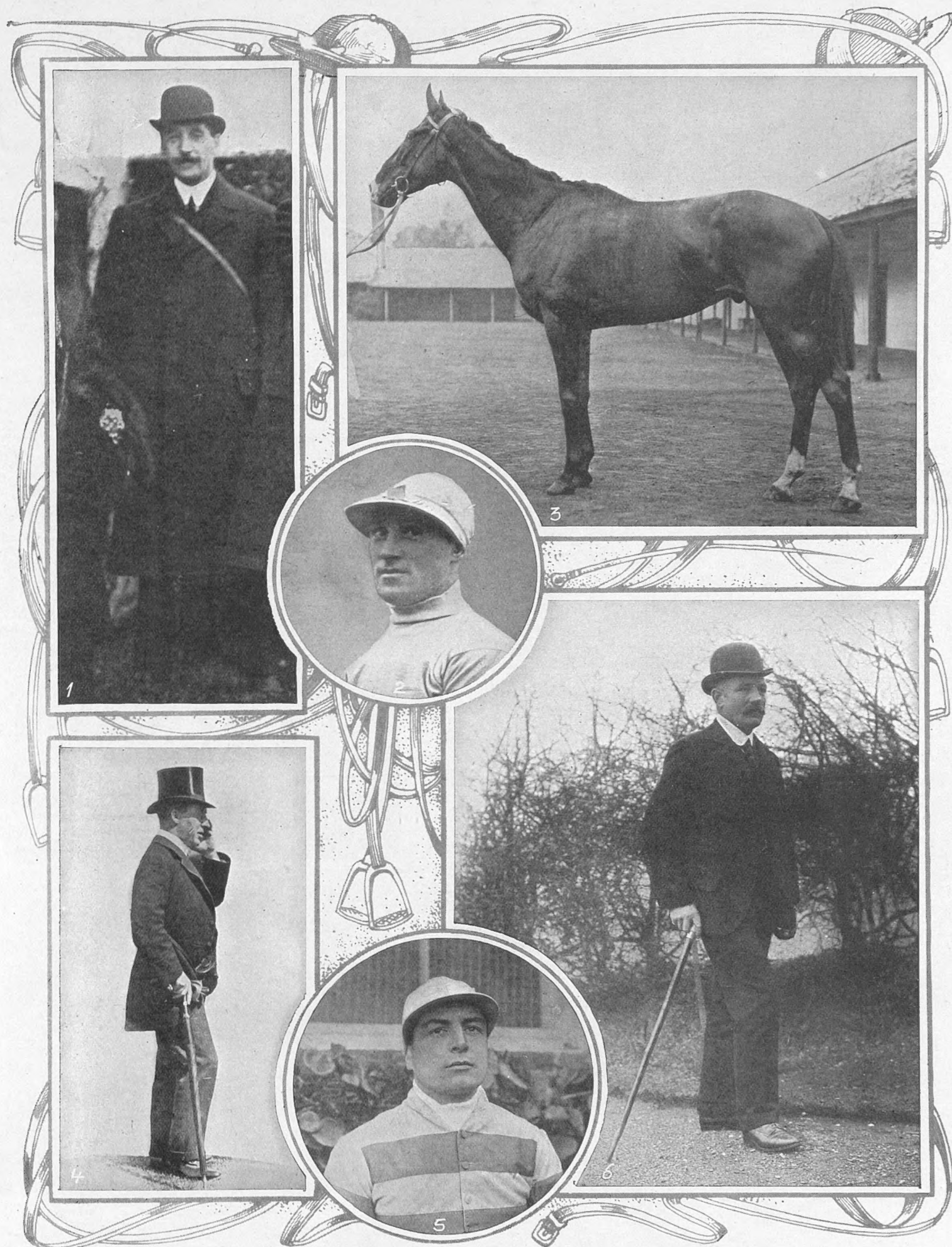
People living in the neighbourhood of Tadworth, I understand, are disposed to acquit the Suffragettes of the blowing-up of Mr. Lloyd George's new house. They think that the job was done, not by Suffragettes, but by anti-Suffragettes.

"It's all clear enough," they say. "If Mr. Lloyd George comes to live in this neighbourhood, the Suffragettes are sure to follow. If the Suffragettes follow, we shall never have any peace. Therefore, to protect himself and us from the Suffragettes, some bold fellow has attempted to demolish the house."

This seems likely enough, but one must guard against getting into the habit of behaving in this drastic way. The Suffragettes, I fear, are setting an example that many will gladly follow. Once let anarchy loose, and the Suffragettes will themselves be blown to smithereens in no time. They will complain very bitterly, of course, as they come down in pieces, but the obvious retort will be, as we sweep them up, "Well, my dears, who taught us?"



## THE RACING SENSATION: PEOPLE CONCERNED WITH IT.



1. MR. C. BOWER ISMAY.

4. MR. J. FERGUSSON.

2. R. CHADWICK.

5. F. LYALL.

3. BLOODSTONE.

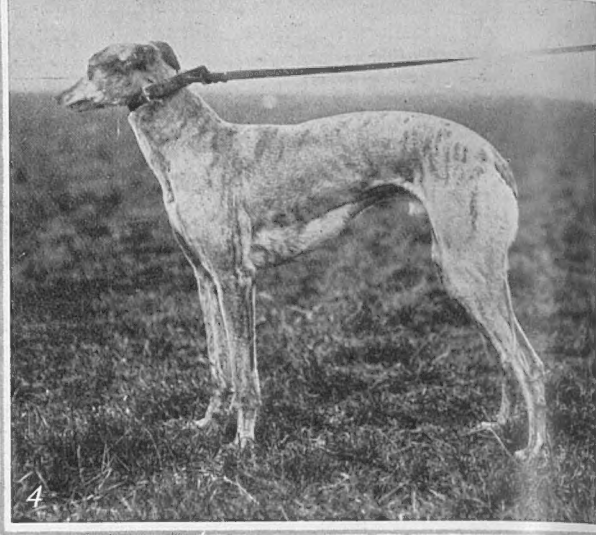
6. MR. T. COULTHWAITE.

On Feb. 18, the following official report was published: "At a meeting at the registry office in London yesterday, the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee inquired into the running of Jacobus and Bloodstone, and, having called upon Mr. C. Bower Ismay, Mr. J. Fergusson, Mr. T. Coulthwaite, R. Chadwick, and F. Lyall for their explanations, considered them (with the exception of F. Lyall's) unsatisfactory. The Stewards strongly recommended Mr. Bower Ismay to look more closely into the running of his horses. They considered Mr. Fergusson's conduct as manager of Mr. Ismay's horses open to grave suspicion, and he was severely censured for gross lack of supervision. Mr. T. Coulthwaite and R. Chadwick were warned off. F. Lyall was completely exonerated."

*Photographs by Sport and General.*



# THE GREATEST COURSING EVENT: PROMINENT PERSONAGES



1. A DISTINGUISHED SUPPORTER OF COURSING: THE DUKE OF LEEDS.
2. A PROMINENT DEVOTEE OF COURSING: THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN.
3. OWNER OF CLATTER, WHICH WON THE OPENING COURSE IN THE FIRST ROUND OF THE WATERLOO CUP: MR. J. COKE.
4. RUNNER-UP FOR THE WATERLOO CUP: HULDEE.
5. WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: HUNG WELL.

6. OWNER OF HUNG WELL, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: MR. S. HILL-WOOD.
7. PROMINENT IN THE COURSING WORLD: JUDGE PARRY, THE WELL-KNOWN COUNTY COURT JUDGE AND AUTHOR.
8. GIVER OF THE £100 CUP FOR THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: THE EARL OF SEFTON.

The final of the coursing contest for the Waterloo Cup, run at Altear on the 21st., resulted in a victory for Mr. S. Hill-Wood's Hung Well (by Mandini-Pocahontas), which beat Mr. E. Hulton's Huldee (by Little Mercury-Full Way), nominated by Mr. T. Butt Miller. The success of Mr. Hill-Wood's dog was as popular as was that of his Heavy Weapon in 1910. This year's winner of the Waterloo Cup, Hung Well, defeated last year's winner, Tide Time, in the third round, which was run on the 20th. The first prize for the Waterloo Cup is £500, together with a cup of the value of £100 presented by the Earl of Sefton. The second prize is £200. The Waterloo



## (HUMAN AND CANINE) AT THE CONTEST FOR THE WATERLOO CUP.



9. CONGRATULATIONS ON VICTORY: HUNG WELL LEAVING THE COURSE WITH HIS TRAINER, DENNY SMITH.  
 10. GATHERED TO SEE THE WATERLOO CUP: THE CROWD OF SPECTATORS.  
 11. THE JUDGE AT THE ALTAR MEETING: MR. J. WALKER.  
 12. A FAMILY PARTY AT ALTAR: SIR WYNDHAM HANMER, MISS HANMER, LADY HANMER, AND MISS M. F. HANMER.

13. THE RUNNER-UP IN THE WATERLOO CUP AND HIS OWNER: MR. E. HULTON WITH HULDEE.  
 14. MORE MOBILE THAN MOST ESTABLISHMENTS OF ITS KIND: THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE.  
 15. OWNER OF JONG, THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO PURSE: SIR ROBERT JARDINE (CENTRE) WITH MR. BELL-IRVING (ON THE LEFT).

Purse of £215 was won by Sir Robert Jardine's Jong (by Mandini-Howlet). The Duke of Leeds and the Earl of Enniskillen are both devotees of coursing. The Duke of Leeds, the tenth holder of that title, was M.P. (Conservative) for the Brixton Division of Lambeth from 1887 to 1895, and from 1895 to 1901 he was Treasurer of the Household. Lord Enniskillen is the fourth Earl. He was formerly in the Rifle Brigade, and since 1887 has been Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. He was M.P. (Conservative) for Enniskillen from 1880 to 1885.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Sport and General, Topical, C.N., and L.N.A.]



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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOFF," translated by Christopher St. John from a French adaptation of Dostoevski's novel, is not one of the lucky discoveries of the Stage Society. The translation is all right, but the play is too gloomy, violent, lengthy, and disconnected. There are powerful passages, even thrilling moments, and it contains a clever scene of comedy; yet a settled gloom reigned ere the end was reached, though some of the audience were much interested throughout. For even in an adaptation the genius of the Russian novelist was evident, and the strange, self-torturing characters had a surprising air of reality. A very able performance was given under the direction of Mr. Frederick Whelen. Miss Hilda Antony acted admirably; Miss Miriam Lewes played the comedy scene delightfully, and in the serious passages showed an impressive sincerity. Most exacting characters, which might have tasked any actor, were presented by Messrs. Owen Roughwood and Francis Roberts, and each accomplished his work excellently. Mr. Robert Farquharson rendered the part of a repulsive old man with much horrible power; and Mr. Shiel Barry was painfully impressive as a person called, during the piece, an "epileptic toad."

Quaint dresses and a fantastic setting failed to give life to "Turandot, Princess of China," and so, as a stop-gap, "The Importance of being Earnest" has been put on. Wilde's brilliant farce does not age rapidly—perhaps, paradoxically, because it was not born very young—and it is still easy to laugh at most of the epigrams, and be highly diverted by the brilliant theatrical coup that forms the chief event. Sir George Alexander is out of the cast, and his old part of Jack Worthing is quite well played by Mr. Gerald Ames. Mr. A. E. Matthews' Algy is amusing; Miss Rosalie Toller and Miss Dorothy Vane present the girls agreeably; and Miss Helen Rous and Mr. Vivian Reynolds are excellent in parts which they have played before.

"Lady Noggs," at the Comedy, is a dramatisation of a small girl, invented by Mr. Edgar Jepson in a series of stories. She is a child of the "enfant terrible" class who manages everybody, speaks her mind with the utmost frankness without respect of persons, and displays a precocious pertness which has its amusing side. As might be expected in the circumstances, the play for which she is responsible is episodic. Lady Noggs is most sympathetic to the poor of the neighbourhood, violently averse from lessons, and brings about the engagement of her governess with the local curate; while her chief feat is to save her uncle—a most foolish prime minister—from the designs of a foreign adventuress and spy. Miss Cicely Hamilton, who has adapted the story for the stage, has done her work very cleverly; and Miss Mary Glynne is a most attractive little child-actress; while Mr. Ashton Pearse is a most entertaining curate.

The Play Actors deserve our thanks for producing Bjornson's remarkable play, "A Gauntlet," in Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp's translation. It is an argumentative play, being an earnest discussion of the great question whether a woman has a right to expect from a man she marries what the man expects from her. The protagonist of the woman's point of view is a young girl, finely played by Miss Ernita Lascelles; and against her are arrayed the forces of the world—some absolutely hostile, others, like her mother and a kindly old doctor, half-driven to sympathy with her views. Bjornson gave each side its hearing, and seemed inclined to decide in favour of the world; and though the argument is long, there are truly dramatic moments.

Some of the audience, as well as the parrot, said, "Oh! Oh!! Delphine!!!" at the Shaftesbury, but that does not matter; the Censors are satisfied, so, of course, honour is safe. The new musical comedy—a big New York success—is brilliantly mounted, has a strong cast, lively, catching music, and a book (from the French) by Mr. Hugh Morton, otherwise C. M. S. McLellan, librettist of "The Belle of New York," and author of "Leah Kleschna." Perhaps the book, a version of a complicated French farce, is not quite one of the best, possibly the jokes are not as clever as the frocks; still, people don't go to musical comedies to see drama, but to look at lovely women, listen to gay music, and laugh at broad comedians—and they laughed a good deal at the Shaftesbury; whilst there is plenty of Mr. Ivan Caryll's lively music. Miss Iris Hoey is delightful as Delphine; Miss Nan Stuart pleased the house; and Miss Dorothy Jardon made a hit. And there were Messrs. Walter Passmore and Fred Lewis for laughter; and such favourites as Mr. Courtice Pounds and Mr. Harry Welchman.

At the Lyceum a new version of the Nell Gwynne story, put on the stage with plenty of life and colour and adventure, is proving very popular, and will do much to dispel the idea entertained by historians that there was anything in the relations between Charles and the lady to which the most fastidious could object. The chief adventures are the escape of a young heiress from a group of French scoundrels who had abducted her, and the defeat of a plot by those scoundrels to murder the King. Nell, of course, does all the hard work, and she is played with humour, and at times a real power, by Miss Tittel-Brune; while Mr. Lauderdale Maitland makes a dignified, but not very genial or masterful, Charles; and some excellent acting on the proper broad lines is contributed by Mr. Sam Livesey, Mr. J. T. Macmillan, and Mr. Frank Harvey.





CONNAUGHT COURAGE—"DRAW POKER"—PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS—THE SALT OF LIFE.

**The Red Indian Menu.**

Menus are only interesting reading to cooks and to gourmets, but I am sure that it would interest the world in general to know what were the dishes that the Red Indian chiefs of the Six Nations Indian Reserve gave to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught when he dined with them after sitting as a chief in council. I have dined in my time with chiefs of East India, and the dinner has been severely Britannic. I have eaten admirable curry in the istana of a Malay Sultan, and I have been given mealie cakes and goat's-meat kibobs and much Kaffir beer at the kraal of a Kaffir chief. But though I have been in Indian territory in America, I never had the curiosity even to ask what were the native dishes of the Red Man, and, to tell the truth, the appearance of the dusky warrior is not inviting enough to make one feel inclined to break bread with him. I notice that the Duke of Connaught, immediately after his daring act in dining with the chiefs, attended a meeting of the National Sanatorium Association, at which, of course, there would be plenty of doctors handy should the Indian delicacies have disagreed with him.

**The Admiralty Arch.**

The game of bluff which is being played by his Majesty's Office of Works, the Westminster City Council, and the L.C.C. is worthy of the best traditions of "draw poker," but it puzzles and annoys the men in the clubs just as much as it does the men in the streets to find three great public bodies squabbling while preparations are being made to put up a building that will effectually stop part of the view of the Arch from Trafalgar Square. The proprietors of Drummond's Bank, who have offered to allow the building of the bank to be set back, the vacant space behind it being used for the new building, if the various quarrelling authorities will arrange that the buildings opposite are also kept out of the line of sight, seem to have shown real public spirit. The representatives of the nation at large declare that their responsibilities end with the Processional Road, and the two purely London authorities say they have not sufficient money to spend on the improvements. Said an Admiral of the old school to me the other day, "If they could put all these fellows"—and I am afraid he included Lord Beauchamp among "these fellows"—"into a bag and shake them up together until they came to an agreement, there would soon be a clear roadway to the Arch."

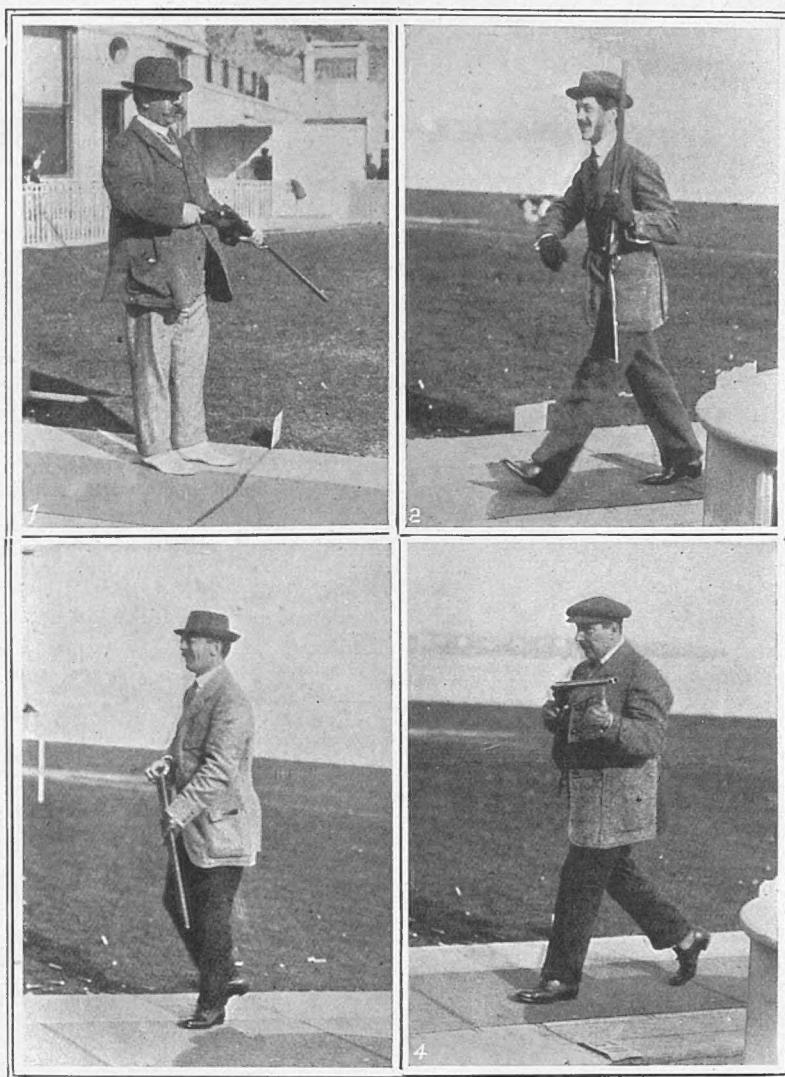
**The Field-Marshal's Baton.**

Colonel Seely at Ilkeston promised that the ladder of promotion to the very highest position of the Army is about to be made accessible to the lowest ranks. This is a British parallel to Napoleon's saying that "every conscript carries a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack." The difficulty in the matter is solely one of pounds, shillings, and pence. The number of commissions which are refused by warrant-officers is greater than the British public think. The warrant-officer lives quite comfortably on his pay, and the expenses

of the sergeants' mess are carefully studied to keep them well within the means of every sergeant. The promoted warrant-officer finds himself a member of the officers' mess and at once liable for increased subscriptions, and the cost of his living and of the upkeep of his uniform at once increase. If the Government is willing to give a man promoted from the ranks a living wage as an officer, then the greatest hindrance to the promotion of men from non-commissioned to commissioned ranks will vanish as if by magic. The difficulties a "ranker" experiences in an officers' mess do not come from his brother-officers, who are invariably most kind to him and help him in every way possible, but they come from the position in which he finds himself placed of being obliged to live at a higher rate than his pay will afford. The pay of subaltern officers should be raised all round, and as a return for this the War Minister might fairly ask that the men who come from Sandhurst should possess the qualifications as instructors that a first-class non-commissioned officer possesses.

**The Philosopher's Stone.**

Sir William Ramsay, Professor Norman Collie, and Mr. H. Patterson, each working independently, seem to have come nearer than has ever been attained before to that dream of all the old alchemists, of turning base metal into gold. When, in 1783, James Price, a Fellow of the Royal Society, committed suicide in his laboratory in the presence of many of the great chemists of England, who had assembled to see him convert mercury into the precious metals, it was believed that alchemy had received its death-blow, especially as at about the same time all Germany resounded with laughter at the discomfiture of another alchemist, Herr Semler. Herr Semler, advanced in age, obtained great benefit from a remedy titled the Salt of Life, which was really a mixture of Glauber's salts and magnesia. So beneficial did he find this salt that it occurred to him that if it could change a man in bad health into a healthy man, it might also possibly change a base metal into a precious one. He put some of the dissolved salt into an earthenware jar and set it by the fire to see how it would be affected by heat. Two or three days afterwards, looking at the solution, he found that it contained some grains of pure gold. Here at last was the Philosopher's Stone!—and Semler at once wrote two great volumes on the wonderful properties of the Salt of Life. Klaproth, the most eminent chemist of the day, found grains of gold in some samples of the Salt of Life, but later on, in some other samples, he found grains of brass. The explanation was that Semler had a faithful old servant, who, thinking to gratify his master, bought gold leaf which he broke up and put into the preparations of the Salt of Life. But the old servant, going away on a holiday, left it to his wife to continue the pious fraud. The wife, being a frugal woman, saw no use in wasting money on real gold, so she bought some Dutch metal and put that, instead of the gold, into the solution of the powder. No wonder Germany laughed when the story came out!



1. MR. GEORGE HARRISON (ENGLISH, 4TH). 2. COUNT LAREINTY-THOLOZAN (FRENCH, 1ST).  
3. COUNT CZERNIN (AUSTRIAN, 3RD). 4. M. KAZENTZEFF (RUSSIAN, 2ND).

**PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO FOR THE BIGGEST PRIZE OFFERED IN ANY SUCH EVENT: WINNERS IN THE GRAND PRIX.**

A hundred and seventy-nine "shots" took part in the pigeon-shooting for the Grand Prix, at Monte Carlo, the other day. The prize in question is the biggest offered for any pigeon-shooting event in the world—being £1000, an objet d'art, and the entrance-money, of £12.—[Photographs by Navello.]

solved salt into an earthenware jar and set it by the fire to see how it would be affected by heat. Two or three days afterwards, looking at the solution, he found that it contained some grains of pure gold. Here at last was the Philosopher's Stone!—and Semler at once wrote two great volumes on the wonderful properties of the Salt of Life. Klaproth, the most eminent chemist of the day, found grains of gold in some samples of the Salt of Life, but later on, in some other samples, he found grains of brass. The explanation was that Semler had a faithful old servant, who, thinking to gratify his master, bought gold leaf which he broke up and put into the preparations of the Salt of Life. But the old servant, going away on a holiday, left it to his wife to continue the pious fraud. The wife, being a frugal woman, saw no use in wasting money on real gold, so she bought some Dutch metal and put that, instead of the gold, into the solution of the powder. No wonder Germany laughed when the story came out!





NEW PRESIDENT OF THE OLYMPIC ASSOCIATION: THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

The Duke of Somerset accepted the other day the Presidency of the Olympic Association, resigned by Lord Desborough. His Grace was born in July 1846. At the Coronations of King Edward VII. and King George V. he bore the Orb. In 1877 he married Susan Margaret, younger daughter of the late Charles Mackinnon.

Photograph by Bassano.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT LAWRENCE PELHAM ANDERSON: MISS MAUD AUGUSTA MARTIN.

The engagement has been announced of Lieutenant Lawrence Pelham Anderson, of Leamington, and Miss Maud Augusta Martin, daughter of Mrs. Martin, of 13, Queen's Gate Terrace, and granddaughter of a former well-known and popular general.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

house will be attacked in a way that might endanger its inmates. A large window (and it happened to be a Suffrage sympathiser's) was broken not long ago by mistake in the house next to Mrs. McKenna's, her own small Dutch panes being hardly worth the missile. But there are good things within, so that Mrs. McKenna and her neighbourly sister, Mrs. McLaren, do well to stay as charming dragons of their own Hesperian apples.

*The Londoners.* The Adventure of the Scarf Pins completed the Marquis de Soveral's knowledge of the town of his adoption. Granville Place itself is something of an adventure, and on a dingy day, puts his affection for London to a

FOR the time being the two Parties are away. It is the season for pairing *en bloc*; Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Balfour are both picking violets and sipping vermouth on the Riviera; Mr. Speaker has sought the silence of the snows in Norway; and Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Lloyd George, and the Solicitor-General are scattered between Paris and Madeira. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and Lord and Lady Ardilaun are at Pau; but "London-on-the-Sea" was good enough for the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and less strenuous workers. Even London keeps its hold upon the holiday people; and Mrs. McKenna would rather make shift in a pantry in Smith Square while the excitements of a delightful new house are upon her than spend a fortnight in somebody else's palace—probably an hotel-keeper's—on the Riviera.

*The Missile and the Miss.* bomb creates an additional inducement for the home-stayers in Smith Square and its precincts. The neighbourhood is dotted with Liberal dwellings in the making, and the more resolutely these are inhabited, the less danger is there of serious Suffrage outrage. The destruction of property may go blundering on, but the rule of respect for human life has never yet been broken, and no inhabited



THE CASE OF THE MILLINER: MISS RISKA FRONNETT OSPOVAT.

In the course of the case in which it was described how she caught a finger against the propeller of an aeroplane, Miss Riska Fronnett Ospovat, the milliner, said that her salary was £10 a week, and that, in addition, she received in commission £309 in 1910, £307 in 1911, and £340 in nine months in 1912. Miss Ospovat is a sister of the late Mr. Ospovat, well known as a caricaturist.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



WITH HER PAIR OF SPANISH MULES: VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON.

With Viscountess Duncannon is her father, Baron de Neufflize, of Paris. The marriage of Viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Bessborough, and Mlle. Roberte de Neufflize, took place last year. The mules were a gift from Mr. "Jimmy" Rothschild.—[Photograph by Poole.]

severe enough test; but add to Granville Place a dishonest "char," with several hours in a muggy police-court, and his sufferings are not negligible. For all that, King Manuel and M. de Soveral turn up smiling at Covent Garden. Both are exiles; one is betrayed by his people, the other by a domestic, but neither presents a face of woe. King Manuel, instead of moping, has taken to London in a way that rejoices one of the most famous and confirmed of Londoners—the ex-Portuguese Minister.

*The Dancing Keppels.* An Al-bemarle dance is

a great event at any time, and Lent did not materially reduce the crowd in St. James' Square. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, with Princess Louise of Battenberg, kept going the tradition that no Keppel function of any importance should be without royalty. For generations "the fighting Keppels" have turned up whenever there were the battles of a King or Queen to be fought, and when, between times, the family takes to dancing, dining, and marrying, the compliment is returned.

*Lord Edmund.* Lord Edmund Talbot's appointment to be Chief Opposition Whip is a social event hardly less than it is a political. He is the chief policeman of the Party—the proctor who sees that men from "The



TO BE MASTER OF THE VINE FOXHOUNDS: LADY ROSEMARY PORTAL.

Lady Rosemary Portal is the daughter of the second Earl Cairns, and was born in 1889. In 1909 she married Mr. Wyndham Raymond Portal, formerly of the 1st Life Guards, son of Sir William Wyndham Portal, second Baronet. The present Earl Cairns is fourth holder of the title, which dates from 1878.

Photograph by Topicals.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT AND COMMANDER J. MONTAGUE KENWORTHY, R.N.: MISS DORIS WHITLEY THOMSON.

Miss Thomson is the only child of Mr. F. Whitley Thomson, J.P., late M.P. for the Skipton Division of Yorks. Lieutenant and Commander Kenworthy, of H.M.S. "Bullfinch," is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert M. Leatham Kenworthy, of St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Photograph by Lafayette.

House" at Oxford do not leave the House at Westminster on business or pleasure bent when division-bells are likely to be a-ringing. But if he awards the punishments he also presents the prizes, and the Honours Lists are largely of his making. No wonder that members fear his frown and follow his finger. Of Lord Edmund's personal popularity his appointment is a proof. Nobody has smiled on it more than the Ulster King's Counsel at arms, Sir Ed-

ward Carson; and Captain Craig himself is happy to take his lines and his underlines from a Roman Catholic, since he is a Roman Catholic who does not love Home Rule. Lady Edmund Talbot, by the way, is already organising for April her annual charity ball.



## A ROSARY MADE OF ROSE-LEAVES: BEADS OF PRESSED FLOWERS.



1. MISS JUANITA MILLER, DAUGHTER OF "THE POET OF THE SIERRAS," GRINDING ROSE-PETALS INTO PULP FOR MOULDING INTO BEADS.

2. MISS JUANITA MILLER, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JOAQUIN MILLER, SHAPING PULP OF ROSE-LEAVES INTO A BEAD.

3. PIERCING THE ROSE-LEAF BEADS WITH PINS AND PLACING THEM TO DRY AND HARDEN.

4. STRINGING THE BEADS MADE OF PULP OF ROSE-LEAVES AND USED FOR THE MAKING OF ROSARIES.

5. WITH BEADS MADE OF ROSE-LEAVES: A ROSARY MADE BY MISS JUANITA MILLER.

Miss Juanita Miller, daughter of the late Joaquin Miller, the American writer generally called "the Poet of the Sierras," has invented a new home industry—the making of beads for rosaries out of rose-leaves "minced" into a pulp, which is shaped and then allowed to dry. The resulting beads are mostly jet-black in colour. A full description of the method will be found on another page of this issue.





### WILD AFRICA BROUGHT TO TOWN: BIG GAME AS CINEMATOGRAPH ACTORS.

#### Wild-Life Pictures in Holborn.

That I had no misgivings as to my competence to express critical opinions concerning Mr. Paul J. Rainey's wild-picture show is more than I dare assert, being a fairly truthful man in a general sort of way. After seeing it, I felt quite glad that I had swaggered enough about my knowledge of natural history to induce the Editor to send me to one of the matinées at the Holborn Empire. After all, it does not matter a bit if you are entirely ignorant of natural history, for you can nevertheless be interested and thrilled by the wonderful pictures. You may be unaware of the difference between an Indian elephant and an African; you might be stumped by an inquiry whether the African rhinoceros has more horns than his brother in Asia—the peculiarities of the ornithorhynchus paradoxus might not stagger you; if invited to specify the characteristics of the reticulated giraffe, the colourings of the anubis baboon or the impala, you might be forced to plead ignorance, and yet spend a jolly afternoon at the Holborn, though, if you have philosophic tendencies, you would have saddening moments. For when watching the wonderful pictures of the water-hole, the folly of old-fashioned ideas about the beauties of a state of nature would suddenly become obvious. They prove the appalling truth of the old rhyme so amazingly anticipative of modern bacteriological studies—

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,  
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*,  
And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on,  
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on.

A bad rhyme and a profound truth. Every wild creature that comes to the water-hole driven by thirst has a furtive air, a suggestion of wonder how it will get its next meal, and terror lest at the next feast at which it assists it will play the part of food, not feeder. State of nature!—well, we are a little better off than that. No doubt the armed nations of Europe, as nations, are in a chronic state of fear, but the individual members, thanks to the existence of the police, have some tranquil moments. The policeman is the sublime symbol of civilisation.

#### The Fights.

The pictures are quite wonderful. You can be thrilled by a real battle between an ostrich and a native attendant: you watch the man with a long pole and a thorn-bush at the end, keeping off the terrible bird by constantly chucking it under the chin with the thorn-bush and holding it aloof, and you know that if the man slips or makes a bad shot the bird will get within striking-range, and then, kicking forward like an "old man" kangaroo, will rip up the man. And what about the dogs hunting the cheetah? It is quite thrilling to see the animal desert the tree in which it has taken

refuge, and seek safety up another at the very top, and then to watch the dogs climb after it, a pair of them causing it to bound to earth—not quickly enough to escape the pack. One sighs a little



#### THE DOGS FROM MISSISSIPPI.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

at its failure to get away, and the picture of the hounds breaking it up. A fairer idea of sport is given by the last group of pictures, in which the hounds follow up the spoor of a lion, and track it to a donga, where it turns to bay. You watch the brave dogs working in concert so cleverly as to keep nipping it, yet escape fatal claws and teeth, driving it hither and thither, till the hunter with his bullet stills for ever the four hundred and fifty pounds of grace, ferocity, and strength.



#### The Water-Hole.

Yet the water-hole is the most fascinating item, though you will be interested by the pictures of the jackal and the loathsome hyena struggling in snares, like magnified, padded traps of the kind that used to be employed for the protection of pheasants till a benevolent Act of Parliament disgusted many a Squire Western by rendering the use of man-traps unlawful. At the water-hole you see the animals really undisturbed by man, hunted only by the cinematograph, if haunted by its mysterious clicking. There is the "scrap" between a little rhinoceros and one much above its fighting-weight. The elephants play the part of low comedians, and you watch Mamma Elephas bullied by baby till she spansks it with her trunk, after "shooing" off an elder sister who interferes. Later on the dear old lady takes a sand-bath, just as if she had read about the latest German fad in the way of health-cures. The giraffes with double-jointed fore-legs and monumental necks—strange mixtures of grace and ridiculous inelegance; timid, anxious creatures—are the most picturesque features in the scene, and you would be amused to see their kicks at the oryx when he tries to get his share of the muddy water, for his desperately sharp horn, even when driven by his big shoulders, would reach no vital part in them. And the sand-grouse, and the little monkeys and big baboons, the gazelles, the elands which at one time it was hoped would

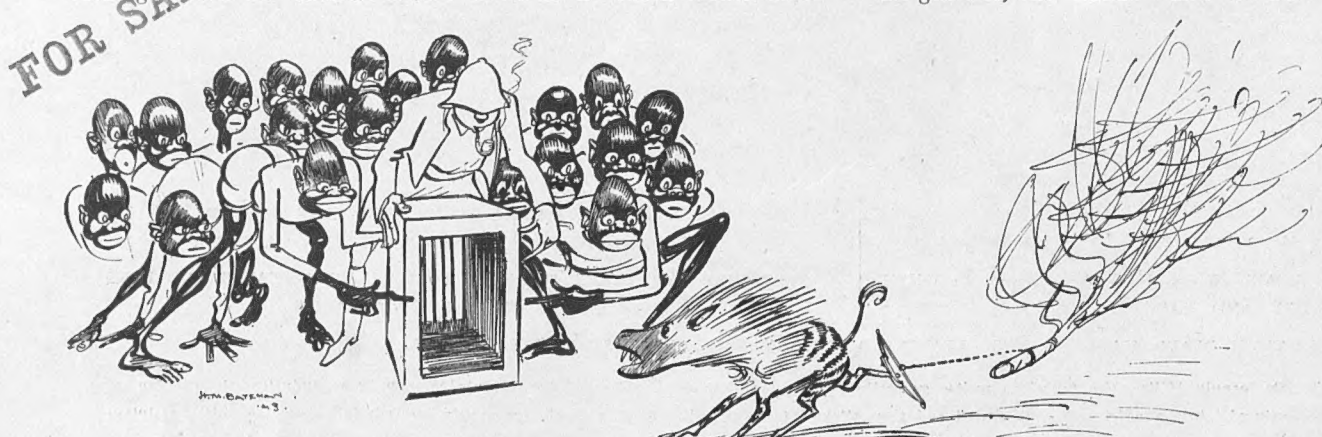


#### MONKEY PRACTICE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

give relief to the British housekeeper by furnishing change from beef, pork, and mutton; and the quaint little birds that act to the rhinoceros as sentinels (just as the pilot-fishes act for the shark); and the uncomely wart-hog and pretty zebras—all form elements in a wonderful series of moving pictures which has never had a counterpart within the district of the bills of mortality.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



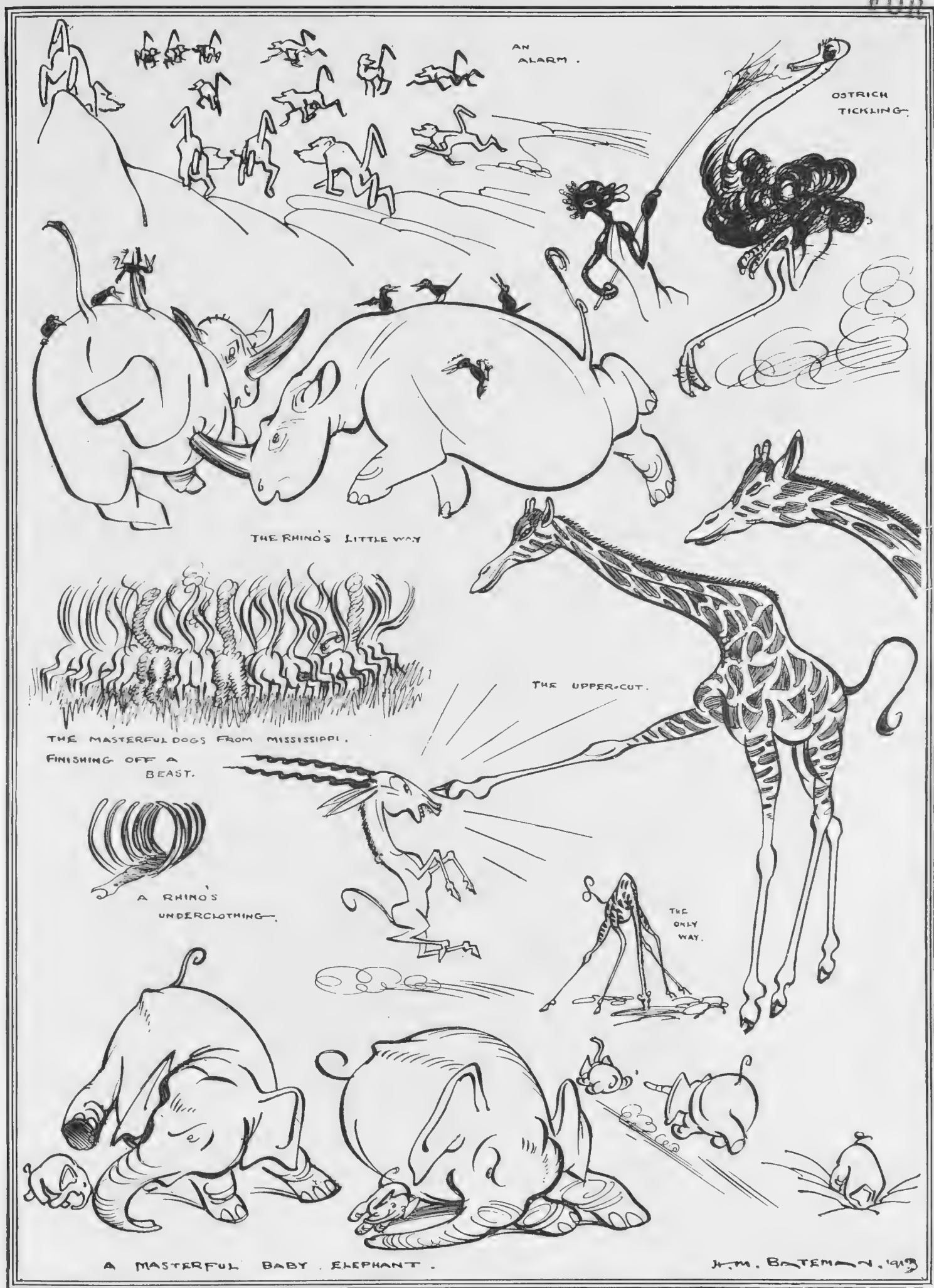
CAN YOU WONDER THAT THE ANIMAL IS A LITTLE DISCOURAGED?

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THE RAINEY AFRICAN HUNT.

FOR SALE.



WILD BEASTS AT THE HOLBORN EMPIRE: THE CINEMATOGRAPH PICTURES CARICATURED.

"The Rainey African Hunt," a remarkable series of cinematograph pictures of wild life in Africa, is being shown at special matinées at the Holborn Empire, and is attracting distinguished audiences.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





# IN THE GREAT WORLD

## LORD RIBBLESDALE.

LORD RIBBLESDALE stands alone in Sargent's picture, an eight-foot figure carelessly and benignly contemptuous of the world he faces. He is not up in arms against his fellows, but too tall to be in touch with little people. Sir Richard Sutton's phrase for a man who is long-limbed, and therefore, a fine horse-man, is "he hangs a good boot." Sargent's way of stating, or exaggerating, the same thing is more consequential. Even the top-hat and whip of the portrait are significant; though neither is raised at the moment, they are the emblems of altitude. Quarles could have written a dozen verses round them.

"A Man Dressed  
Serious." I am a stickler for a top-hat.

It is in every way the best for riding of all kinds, which includes falling," Lord Ribblesdale has said. He is a stickler for other institutions. He likes, as his friend, Mr. Tubbs, put it, "to see a man dressed serious" when he takes the hunting-field; and he likes the sport, the hounds, the quarry, the field, the county, and the country to be taken seriously, too. He admits that the master of a stag-hunting establishment is always on the edge of novel or ridiculous situations; and his heart goes out to the master who masters them. "He invested every episode with a decorum as majestic as his neck-cloths," he says of a predecessor.

Tops and an Eye  
for Colour. Decorum in a Master includes language that might be indecorous in a Minister; and when Lord Ribblesdale describes a dance of his own giving as "devilish dull," his mind is probably wandering back to the kennels. His small-talk is too good for drawing-rooms. He regards with horror a race of politicians whose leisure is given to golf and theology; and if he ever smiled at the consequences of lawlessness, it would be at the raving resentment of the enthusiast with a bag of clubs against the woman with a cause. His topics are high-farming and grass-lands, sheep-breeding, or the way of mount across country. And if the talk makes for Labour and social problems he will eagerly enter the discussion with tales of the inability of even good servants to treat leather breeches properly. "Tops, too, want an eye for colour," he will interject with a twinkle. And he has an eye for colour of his own. A Trustee of the National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery, he is an independent critic of pictures, but whether he is pulling a donkey's leg when he declares that his favourite picture is Stubbs's obscure little canvas of a white horse in the National, his fellow Trustees have never yet discovered.

Dancing with  
Daffodils. When he accepted the Mastership of the Royal Buckhounds he was warned that he had to prepare himself and his charge for their latter end. "It was a doomed office; but I made up my mind very quickly that it would be to my liking. Ascot Races and the terrors

of the Royal Enclosure were far ahead. After going over the stable at Cumberland Lodge with Lord Coventry on a glorious day in August, and just making acquaintance with the hounds, the sun-bathed kennel-green, the wisteria in full bloom against the yellow brick of the hack-stable, I determined that life was sweet and I would die hard." That the wisteria clinched the matter was characteristic of a man who quotes Wordsworth when he would express the joy of a particularly good run with the hounds.

And then my heart with pleasure  
fills

And dances with the daffodils—

he chants when he remembers a certain day in Dorset, although he has to explain that there were no daffodils in sight at the time. Lord Wolverton in a green coat on a milk-white horse amply fills the place of the flowers.

The Wisteria. The wisteria may have

had something to do with Lord Ribblesdale's decision to become Master. But the winds of opposition were moving the blossoms, and made them look the more lovely. From the first he went into office with the intention of fighting the charges of cruelty made against the sport of which he became the official head. He did not sweep aside the charges with the "all d—rot" that many of his friends considered the most satisfactory reply. He was convinced that the sport was not cruel because he himself, who enjoyed it, was not cruel. He knew that he cared as much for the deer as for the hounds, and as much for the hounds as for many men; and he has seen Lord Cork get wet to the skin, if he did not risk his life, for a stag in difficulties in a pond. It became a personal matter with him to prove to himself that he could conduct the hunts without barbarity; and that the sport of English gentlemen was gentlemanly. This he did; but at the same time he admits he would never start a hunt on his own account, and he never chose to live in a stag-hunting country.

Good Broth and  
Better Company. Lord Ribblesdale began his sporting career at Harrow on boyish

snatches of the chase, and muffins and hare soup at Winkley's. The chases he has since improved upon, but the hare soup he has only once matched—in the commercial room of a country inn. And that is no bad place, he

considers, for company and fare. Like Prince Otto, he is adored by his huntsmen, but otherwise, he is inclined to say at a moment when his last unmarried daughter is about to leave him, somewhat deserted. True, his wife and a son of brilliant promise as a soldier are dead; he has seen habits of thought and body that he has set some store by pass out of fashion; Liberalism has lost its zest for him: but his innumerable friends remain, and the married daughters see to it that the rising generation is in the same mind about him as the huntsmen who were with him during eventful years with the Buckhounds.



THOMAS LISTER, FOURTH BARON RIBBLESDALE.

The Rt. Hon. Thomas Lister, P.C., fourth Baron Ribblesdale, was born on Oct. 29, 1854, and succeeded in 1876. Formerly in the Rifle Brigade, he is now a J.P. for the West Riding of York and a Trustee of the National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery. From 1880 to 1885, he was a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria; and from 1892 to 1895 he was Master of H.M.'s Buckhounds. In 1877, he married Charlotte Monkton (d. 1911), daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, Bt. He has one son, the Hon. Charles Lister; and three daughters—the Hon. Barbara Wilson, Baroness Lovat, and the Hon. Diana Lister, whose engagement to Mr. Percy Wyndham, son of Mr. George Wyndham, has just been announced. The first Baron Ribblesdale was M.P. for Clitheroe, 1773-90.

From the Painting by John S. Sargent, R.A.



## THE FREEDOM OF EUROPE: A PARDA NASHIN AT ST. MORITZ.



"ONE WHO SITS BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ON THE ICE: H.H. THE MAHARANEE OF INDORE ENJOYING HER EUROPEAN RELEASE FROM PARDA, AND LEARNING TO SKATE.

This photograph is particularly interesting as when H.H. the Maharanee of Indore is in her own land she is a *parda nashin*—that is to say, one who sits behind the curtain, an occupant of the *Zenana*. *Parda* means "curtain" or "screen." The *Zenana* is the name for that part of the house occupied by the women, and the *Parda* is the division which cuts off the women's quarters from the rest of the house. Where the *Zenana* system is in vogue, no men, other than the head of the house and his sons, are allowed to see the women, who do not take part in public life. The Maharajah of Indore, who is entitled to a salute of 19 guns and to a salute of 21 in his own territory, rules over a State 9500 square miles in area, with an approximate revenue of £360,000. The prevailing religion is Hindu. Her Highness is here seen with Miss Jermyn and Ross, the well-known instructor. The Maharanee must not sit to a photographer, but, obviously, can be snapshotted.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE King's plans for April have been known for some time; Crewe and the Crewe district are busy manufacturing flags and poles and speeches. But now his Majesty's plans have taken a leap into the future, and he is engaged to go to Goodwood House for the end of July and beginning of August. A suspicion that his affection for the Turf is not sufficiently strong to prevent him from making other engagements is probably the explanation of the extreme care taken to secure his Majesty for the famous week. The King is the more willing to make the journey on this occasion, because he will, while in Sussex, reopen the infirmary in Chichester that owes so much to the generosity of his friend, the late Mr. William James.

## The Presidential Pointer.

The King, the Queen, and Princess Mary all visited Burlington House last week, and on the same day Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria honoured the memory of Alma Tadema by a thorough examination of the memorial exhibition. If Sir W. B. Richmond felt at all forlorn after the round of abuse he received for defending the dead artist against the critics, he would have been put into good spirits by the almost unanimous admirations of the royal party. Moreover, Lady Eva Dugdale, the Countess of Gosford, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Sir Dighton Probyn, Lord Loch, and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, who were in attendance, made between them a fairly formidable body of favourable opinion; and Sir Edward Poynter, who did the honours, found he had little or nothing to do in the way of persuading his guests of the merits of the pictures. If the President were to issue a full report of their comments on the recent controversy, Sir William would be a less humble man than the "little critics" have tried to make him.

## Covent Garden Myths.

It is a season of rare things at Covent Garden.

The laurel crown sent up to Nijinsky after his first performance as a faun was not without precedent, but the approval of certain parts of the house was expressed with a quite unusual warmth. When, however, it is written of another performance that "the entrancing dance measures of 'Rosenkavalier' are already familiar to the audience, who were most of them humming the favourite tunes in the intervals," the description is unrecognisable. Did Queen Alexandra, one wonders, sit among humming courtiers?—and was the general buzz of talk in the stalls after the fall of the curtain really an unlearned attempt to render the waltz music of Richard



ENGAGED TO MR. PERCY L. WYNDHAM, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, SON OF MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM: THE HON. DIANA LISTER, DAUGHTER OF LORD RIBBLESDALE. A studio portrait of Miss Lister, together with further details, will be found on another page of this Issue.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



ENGAGED TO THE HON. DIANA LISTER: MR. PERCY WYNDHAM, SON OF MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

Photograph by Lafayette.

## Mixed Marriages.

Mr. George Wyndham's pleasure in his son's engagement is not a jot disturbed by the Liberal career of Lord Ribblesdale, and the hereditary leanings of Miss Diana Lister. He is already connected by marriage with the Cabinet; and he believes that matrimonial alli-

ances that are mixed politically are usually more successful than those based upon a perfect agreement in the unstable questions of Party. There is division in Lord and Lady Londonderry's family, in Lord Crewe's, in Lord Feversham's, and very conspicuously amongst the Guests, but without disaster. And even if Mr. Wyndham chose to believe that Cupid, like Home Rule, is playing havoc with the Constitution, he can feel more than ever secure in his Park Lane hermitage, soon to be decorated with a tablet commemorating Disraeli's residence there for many years. That will give the primroses a permanent pull over the orange-blossoms.

Strauss? Far from humming in unison, the interval crowd has a way of launching on to every subject save music. It rests "brainy" between times, and fastens on the first topic that presents itself—for instance, a figure flitting here and there in a cloak which, although it was wonderful to look upon, was mainly interesting for being Lady Diana Manners's.

Diana at the Crossways. "Diana is engaged!" was the news of one Nijinsky evening at the opera; and in that ambiguous form it suggested problems more exciting than all the fauns and Greek dances of present-day Christendom could muster between them. But Lady Diana Manners still eludes capture. Like Miss Diana Lister, she is the youngest and only unmarried girl of her family, and at the same time the most notable figure of a group of young people that is helping to make the century interesting. There is only a year's difference in the ages of these two friends and namesakes; and she of the engagement is the younger.

When Miss Family Affairs at No. 10. Diana Lis-

ter's sister married Lord Lovat, 10, Downing Street was made the centre of the wedding entertainments. In the case of Lord Ribblesdale's younger daughter, Mrs. Asquith will feel a double interest in offering her services and house for the reception. As a Tennant, she is not only the aunt of Miss Lister, but she is closely connected with the young man. Her brother, Lord Glenconner, married a daughter of the late Percy Wyndham, whose name it is that Miss Lister's fiancé now bears.



TO MARRY MAJOR HENRY F. B. LEWIN TO - DAY (FEB. 26): LADY EDWINA ROBERTS.

Lady Edwina Roberts is the second daughter of Lord Roberts, and was born in 1875. Major Lewin, of the Royal Field Artillery, was born in 1872, the son of Commander Lewin, R.N.

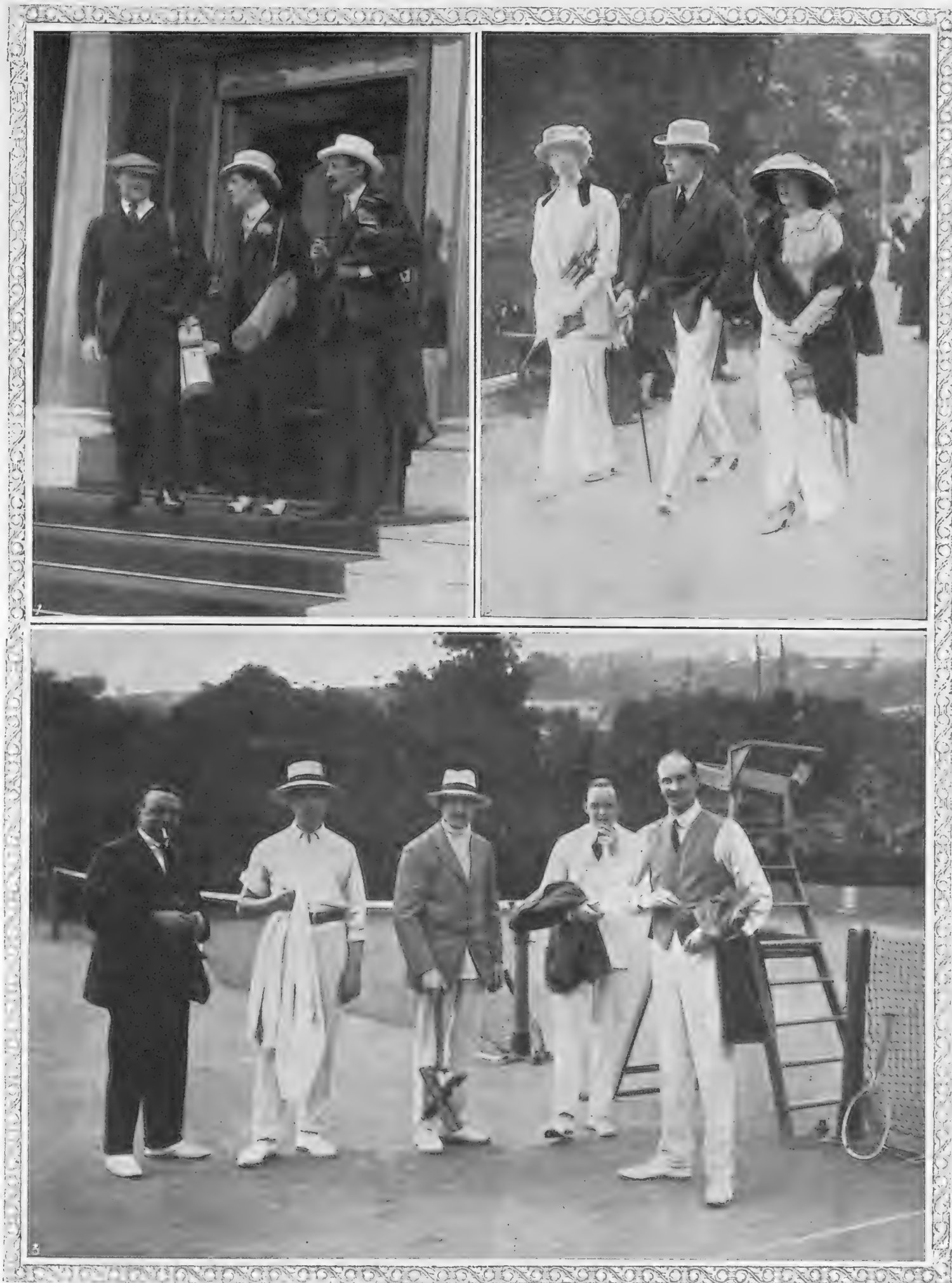
Photograph by Thomson.



WIFE OF SIR HAROLD HARMSWORTH, BT.: LADY HARMSWORTH (IN WHITE).

Sir Harold Harmsworth, brother of Lord Northcliffe, and closely associated with him in the great business of the Amalgamated Press, is largely interested also in Liberal newspapers. He was born in April 1868. In 1893, he married Mary Lilian, daughter of George Wade Shaw, and he has three sons.—[Photograph by Navello.]

## ON THE RIVIERA: GOLF; WALK AND TALK; LAWN-TENNIS.



1. OFF TO THE MONT AGEL GOLF LINKS: LORD TWEEDMOUTH, LORD VICTOR PAGET, AND LORD HERBERT AT MONTE CARLO.

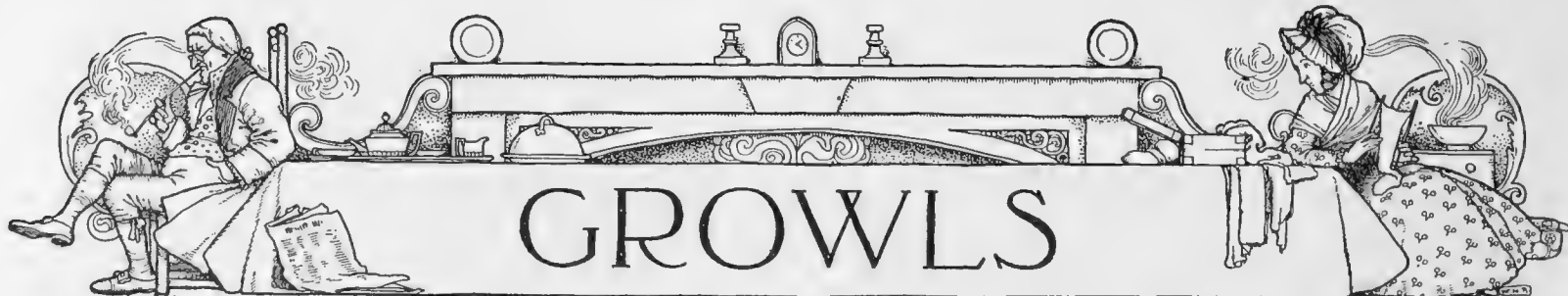
2. AT MONTE CARLO: LADY HERBERT, LORD EDWARD GROSVENOR, AND LADY VICTOR PAGET (FORMERLY MISS OLIVE MAY).

3. THE FIRST BEAULIEU LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT: CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD WEIGALL, M.P. (ON THE RIGHT), MR. FINGLER, MR. BUTLER, AND MR. HARE.

Lord Tweedmouth, the third Baron, is a Major in the Royal Horse Guards, and has been Military Secretary to the High Commissioner for South Africa (Earl of Selborne), and a Lord-in-Waiting to the King. He fought in South Africa.—Lord Victor Paget is the only brother of the Marquess of Anglesey. The other day, he married Miss Olive May, well known as an actress at the Gaiety.—Lord Herbert the elder son of the Earl of Pembroke, is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards. In 1904, he married Lady Beatrice Eleanor, daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget.—Lord Edward Grosvenor, the youngest of the Duke of Westminster's uncles, is in the Royal Horse Guards.—Captain Archibald Weigall was elected M.P. (U) for Horncastle in 1911. In 1910, he married Baroness von Eckhardstein, only child of the late Sir Blundell Maple.

*Photographs by Navello.*





### THE INCOMPLETENESS OF HERO-WORSHIP: SOME SERIOUS OMISSIONS.

IT is a very extraordinary thing, when one comes to think of it, with what supreme carelessness we distribute honour and glory. We pick and choose so thoughtlessly and with such scanty reflection that the people who have achieved fame in the past and whose names have been handed down to history may, I hope without disrespect, be described as a job lot. Of course, the names of monarchs and their consorts are sedulously tabulated, and for some cryptic reason or other we are forced, much against our wills, to commit the table to defective memories, succeeding in our riper years in comfortably forgetting the majority of the names and all the dates connected therewith. We are also instructed in the admiration of certain heroes and heroines who performed prodigies of valour on the field of battle, and we are trained to regard a certain number of artists and authors with respect and civility. Here and there an inventor is pointed out for our esteem, but the whole business is carried out on painfully haphazard lines. Even when these shining lights of distant ages are brought to our notice, the meagre information supplied concerning them leaves us quite cold, and makes the youthful intellect rather inclined to prefer to them the villains and villainesses it is invited to execrate. I was extremely sceptical with regard to the Chevalier Bayard. I saw no particular reason for regarding him as *sans peur et sans reproche*, and to my

life-history of the genius who evolved the epic of the three blind mice? How many little aching heads have not in the course of centuries been lulled to slumber by this terse, but telling, tragedy when the moody meditations of the Prince of Denmark could have had no such soothing effect? Yet no history or biography gives the slightest clue to the identity of the gifted originator. The story of Sir Isaac Newton's *rencontre* with the apple was duly and properly brought to my contemplation at an early period of my existence (and I was, very rightly, bidden to consider the incident as an indication of unusual sagacity and perspicacity), as was also the kettle-lid which was fortunate enough to attract George Stephenson's attention. But where shall I find even a short account of the stupendously intrepid individual who first summoned up sufficient courage to adopt the oyster as an article of food? How and where, I ask, am I to possess myself of particulars of the sage who proclaimed for the guidance of all succeeding generations the inadvisability of microscopically inspecting the mouth of a gift horse?



AFTER A FALL IN THE HUNTING-FIELD: LIEUTENANT CORNWALLIS AFTER HIS RECENT SPILL WHILE OUT WITH THE HOLDERNESS.

#### A Plea for Redress.

I could cite scores of similar cases of callous and calculated neglect. There is the philosopher who made the priceless discovery that by a careful counting of cherry-stones humanity may obtain a peep into the pages of the future. There is the thinker who found out for us that there exists a quicker method of obtaining a light than the process of rubbing two pieces of stick together for sixteen weeks. There is the master-mind who laid down for the benefit of all time that mustard should be eaten with beef, but not with mutton. Yet the leaves of our history-books contain no allusion to these benefactors of mankind. No stately statue marks the place of their long and well-deserved rest. There are not even tablets on the walls of the houses in which they abode. The world goes on in perpetual enjoyment of the fruits of their self-denying labours, yet never gives them even a passing thought. Each day some new celebrity looms upon the horizon and is acclaimed by the unthinking throng. "Who's Who" becomes more bulging and unwieldy with the years, yet gives us no help. This is a matter which might worthily absorb the attention of the Minister of Education, who should forthwith appoint a Select Committee to go carefully into the chronicles and make a serious attempt to remove this stain from the scutcheon of the nation. I grudge no man such fame as he can accumulate, but I maintain that there should be fair play all round, and that the *rêclame* of the modern notability should not be allowed to crowd out that of the geniuses who have done the world's work in the past, and I demand that each and every one of us shall be allowed to appoint and to know something of his own particular hero and pay his homage where he feels that homage is most due.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN MARLOW LOCK: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW FOR THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

Cambridge have been practising over the usual Upper Thames Reach between Marlow Point and Cookham Bridge. It was arranged that they should be the guests of Mr. J. Boyton, M.P., at Thames Lawn, and that their work should be done from the Marlow R.C. boathouse.

Photograph by L.N.A.

budding mind Robin Hood made an infinitely stronger appeal, especially when he was committing acts of unbridled lawlessness, and not showing kindnesses to the surrounding poor—a hobby of his in which I never cared to believe. All this constitutes, it seems to me, a serious and even unpardonable blot on our educational system. Someone has paradoxically asserted that the child is father to the man, and it can hardly be denied that an impression left at a period of considerable receptivity must have some sort of effect on the later life.

Some of the Unfamous. I think that I can claim with confidence that I am justified in grumbling. I hold that our youth should be taught all or none, and that they should have an opportunity of picking and choosing for themselves. There are many of the giant minds of olden times with whose lives, and even whose names, I am wholly unacquainted, and I am afforded no chance of emerging from my blind ignorance. In their insistence on the greatness of Shakespeare my pastors and masters entirely omitted to inform me of the identity of many of my favourite authors. I was made, of course, familiar with "To be or not to be"; but who did or will enlighten me on the

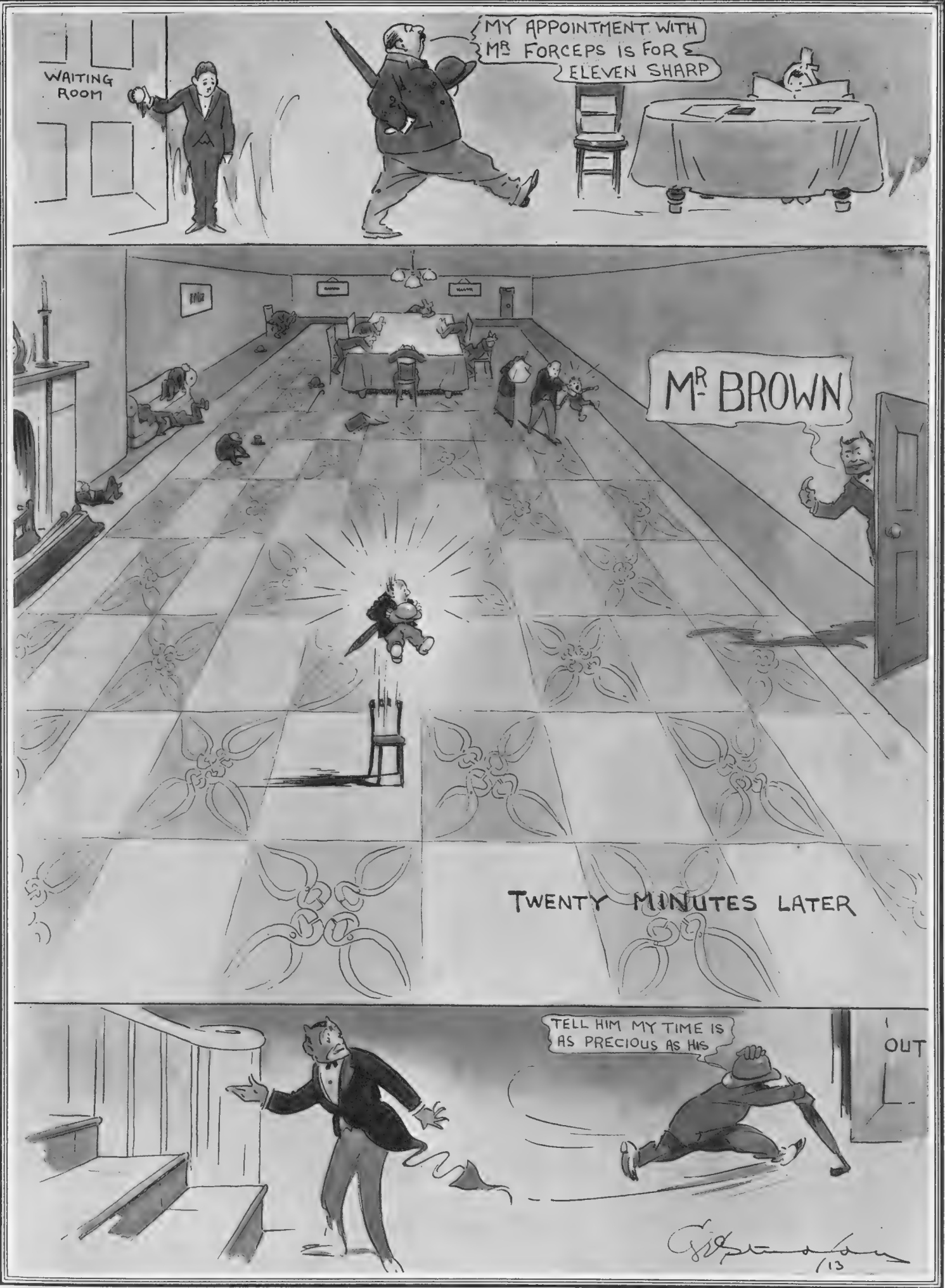


USING THEIR NEW OARS: THE OXFORD CREW FOR THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE PRACTISING AT HENLEY.

At Henley, the Oxford crew were under the charge of Mr. A. G. Kirby, and it was arranged that their work should be done, as before, from the Leander headquarters.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR !

FOR SALE.



II.—THE MAN WHO FUNKS AN INTERVIEW WITH HIS DENTIST, AND MAKES ANY EXCUSE TO GET OUT OF IT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





## THE LAST OF HIS SPECIES: MAINLY A DIALOGUE, AND CHIEFLY PERSONAL.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

WE met him on the Promenade des Anglais, where Germaine and I were sitting with our backs to the sun, breathing the dust of a thousand feet. "Howdydo?" said he, raising his Panama hat. I do loathe Panama hats. They remind me of my grandfather, whom I never knew, poor man, but whom I can imagine in such a hat, and you don't like anything grandfatherly in a nice Englishman you are glad to see again. "Howdydo?" said he, and "Hallo!" said I. I am very definite in my use of these two British forms of greeting. I generally say the former to people I am only "so so" pleased to see; while when I am very glad to—I have said that before; never mind, he is too busy amusing himself to be likely to find time for reading anything else but dull papers. But to you, amiable readers, let me explain that I was glad to see him, not only for his own sake—not him particularly, I mean—but because it was good to see a British back and a British neck and British boots, and fingers without rings, and no watch—chain over *wunderschön* waistcoats. The English here are becoming extinct. He



WITH BRILLIANT STRAPS, AS WELL AS BUCKLES: SHOES IN MOST ORNAMENTAL FORM—A NEW FRENCH FASHION.

Photograph by H. Manuel.

sat beside us. "It is nice to see you in Nice," he said.

"Was this place first baptised by an Englishman?" asked Germaine, as ever, anxious to learn. He ignored her because, she being small, he thinks she is seventeen, and he, not being seventy, does not yet feel much interested in flappers. "And what are you doing here?"—adopting the easiest form of conversation.

"Like Diogenes, looking for a man," I sighed. "Oh, merely to look at; but we only see pigs—little pigs and big pigs in plush hats and fancy footgear and magnificent tie-pins—one might imagine that every woman in Nice is a Circe. But they are all fat Fridas. Do you believe in the theory of the potato-lip and the *oignon* chin? Do you not think that, eating so much flesh pig *delikatessen*, our Northern neighbours . . . ?"

He focussed upon me a speculative monocle. "When a woman" (he did not say, "a pretty woman"—he might have, I think, even if it is not true) "begins to think of the glorious dead—Diogenes and Circe—there is something wrong."

"And there is something equally wrong, I think, when a man, English by birth, and arbiter of elegances for lack of something better to do, turns out in a red tie, yellow boots, and a suit all over checks, definite and worrying, not to mention the Panama's share in the—"

"Don't let us talk finance," said he.

To try and tease an Englishman is like trying to scratch glass with your nails—you only set your own teeth on edge.

"I am not," he explained, "up to the mark."

"The pity of it is that there is no longer any mark in Nice."

"But there are too many marks and thalers"—who said Englishmen were not good at repartee?—"Is it?" he asked, "this German invasion that, ruffling your patriotic feelings, leaves you so depressed? You used to be, in the London days, a pianola and a gramophone all in one. . . ."

Who said Englishmen were never impertinent?

"But," he went on, "they are not all Germans; there are also . . ."

"Prussians, Bavarians, and Hanoverians. Look, rather, at their necks between their high, hard collars and their soft, hairy hats—Germans all."

"Never mind," interposed Germaine, whom Diogenes had evidently impressed; "they do not come between you and the sun. Look at the sea, smell the orange-blossoms. If we were in London we might be lost in the fog just now."

"Oh, talk to us of London," I asked of the Englishman. "Being a man, you must read the papers—all men have that strange habit. What is happening in London? What are we missing? What might I be doing there just now?"

"Gnashing your teeth in front of your portrait at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in Bond Street. You need not stamp your foot—it is not ladylike—and nobody knows it is your portrait but just Mr. Ilbery Lynch and myself, and you who deny it."

But man, since Midas (more mythology), is incapable of keeping a secret. And woman is the equal of man any day. So please, amiable readers, should you, as you very likely will, go and see Mr. Lynch's perverse little women and other teasing works, and should you hear it whispered that this irritating, and not at all *comme-il-faut* looking, creature on the cover of "Caviare," Mr. Grant Richards' novel, is my portrait, please do not accept the statement without the contents of a whole salt-cellar. I owe it to myself in self-defence to explain that I did not pose for the picture. The artist did it from memory—it is a case of amnesia, or I must have been particularly disagreeable that day; and, however much I admire Mr. Lynch's bitter talent, I would like to tell him—with my compliments—that the hat is my hat, and the shoes are my shoes, but that I am not six feet in height, and never wore yellow, and that my hair never was orange—not even during the peroxide craze—and that if I could afford to buy, I would

hang the picture in my sitting-room, but I would never tell my children that I inspired it—they would cease to respect me.



ENMESHED WOMAN: NET STOCKINGS AND SHOES WITH THE NETWORK MOTIF ON THE HEELS—A NEW FRENCH FASHION.

Photograph by H. Manuel.



MOST—MARVELLOUSLY—CROSS-GARTERED! SHOES WHOSE LACES ARE WOUND ABOUT THE CALVES—A NEW FRENCH FASHION.

Photograph by H. Manuel.

NO PARTINGS, NO MEATINGS.

FOR SALE.



BUTCHER : Hi ! Cabby, look at your 'orse.

CABBY : Orl right, mate. Let 'im alone. 'E 's only meetin' an ole pal.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.





## LIVING LIGHT: LOIE FULLER, "CHASTEST AND MOST EXPRESSIVE OF DANCERS."\*

## The Birth of the Serpentine Dance.

Chance determined the form of art-expression which has won fame for Loie Fuller, her whom Roger Marx hailed "the chastest and most expressive of dancers, beautifully inspired, who reanimates within herself and restores to us the lost wonders of Greek mimicry, the art of those motions; at once voluptuous and mystical, which interpret the phenomena of Nature and the life history of human beings." She was an actress, playing soubrette parts, when the moment came, in 1890. She was rehearsing the "lead" in "Quack, M.D." in New York. "While we were at work," she writes, "the author got the idea of adding to the play a scene in which Dr. Quack hypnotised a young widow. Hypnotism at that moment was very much to the fore in New York. To give the scene its full effect he needed very sweet music and indeterminate illumination. We asked the electrician of the theatre to put green lamps along the footlights, and the orchestra-leader to play a subdued air. The great question next was to decide what costume I was to wear. I was unable to buy a new one . . . and, not knowing what else to do, I undertook to run over my wardrobe in the hope of finding something that would be fit to wear. In vain. I could not find a thing. All at once, however, I noticed at the bottom of one of my trunks a small casket, a very small casket, which I opened. Out of it I drew a light silk material, comparable to a spider's web. It was a skirt, very full and very broad at the bottom." She had received it from India, without an accompanying word, but she presumed that it came from one of two young English officers she had sat between at dinner in London not long before. It arrived in a box not more than sixteen inches long and hardly deeper than a cigar-box. At the moment she put it on, and she wore it in "Quack, M.D." In the course of the hypnotic "business" with the Doctor she gave, as far as possible, the impression of a fluttering figure. "He raised his arms," she notes, "I raised mine. . . . I followed his every motion. My robe was so long that I was continually stepping upon it, and mechanically I held it up with both hands and raised my arms aloft, all the while that I continued to flit around the stage like a winged spirit. There was a sudden exclamation from the house: 'It's a butterfly! A butterfly!' I turned on my steps, running from one end of the stage to the other, and a second exclamation followed: 'It's an orchid!' To my great astonishment, sustained applause burst forth." From that emanated the dances first called "Serpentine"; but they were then in the nebulous state. A little later Miss Fuller took the dress home to sew up a little tear, and again a lucky thing chanced. She tells how, after reading her Press notices in bed, on the morning after her first appearance in a theatre in a suburb of New York, she leaped out and, arrayed only in her night-gown, put the robe on and looked at herself in a large glass, to make sure of what she had done the evening before. "The mirror was placed just opposite the windows," she records. "The long yellow

curtains were drawn, and through them the sun shed into the room an amber light, which enveloped me completely and illumined my gown, giving a translucent effect. Golden reflections played in the folds of the sparkling silk, and in this light my body was vaguely revealed in shadowy contour. This was a moment of intense emotion. Unconsciously I realised that I was in the presence of a great discovery. . . . Gently, almost religiously, I set the silk in motion, and I saw that I had obtained undulations of a character heretofore unknown. I had created a new dance."



Photo. by Langflier.

"THE CHASTEST AND MOST EXPRESSIVE OF DANCERS": LOIE FULLER IN A CHARACTERISTIC CREATION.

Reproduced from "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

**"Shop"-Seeking and Success.** She set to work perfecting movement of body and of robes, and sought engagements. "Shops" were not easy to find, but she persevered and "won through" speedily. In New York she was able for the first time to realise her dances just as she had conceived them; "with darkness in the house and coloured lights on the stage." Her success was immediate. She began to invent special robes and lighting effects. Travelling to Europe, she had ill luck in Berlin, but came into her own in Paris, at the Folies-Bergère. She intended to give five dances; but at the rehearsal her electricians, exhausted, left her unceremoniously after the fourth number. Nevertheless she rehearsed the fifth. On the occasion of the first performance, "when the curtain fell after the fourth dance," she writes, "the applause was deafening, and the music that served as prelude to dance number five could not be heard. . . . I had to yield to the inevitable; it was impossible, and useless, to keep on dancing. The four dances, with the encores, had lasted forty-five minutes, and, despite the stimulus of great success, I had reached the limit of my strength."

## Celebrities Met.

From that day onward she knew some disappointment—that was inevitable; but no failures: she danced ever nearer to the Temple of world-wide Fame with which she is now familiar. In the course of her progress she has met, of course, quite a number of well-known people—

Calvé, Sarah Bernhardt, Dumas, the Curies, Rodin, Rachel Boyer, Groult, the Crown Princess of Roumania, Sada Yacco and Hanako—both of whom she "managed"—Jules Claretie, Anatole France, Camille Flammarion, and so on. Of the great astronomer she writes: "I shall never forget the impression Camille Flammarion made upon me the first time the Countess took me to his house, Rue Cassini. He wore a lounge jacket of white flannel, edged with red lace. He had a veritable forest of hair. . . . Mme. Flammarion . . . told me that she frequently had to cut some of the locks, for her husband's hair grew with such vigour that he was tormented by it. Then she showed me a cushion on a divan, and



Photo. by Langflier.

THE DANCE OF THE BUTTERFLY: LOIE FULLER ON THE STAGE.

Reproduced from "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

remarked, 'There is where I put his hair after cutting it.' To give an accurate idea of Camille Flammarion's style of wearing his hair, you have only to multiply Paderewski's head of hair by twelve."—Continued in Miss Loie Fuller's book, which, let it be emphasised, cannot fail to engross and amuse not only those interested in dancing and in theatrical matters, but all.

\* "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life." By Loie Fuller. With an Introduction by Anatole France. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins; 10s. 6d. net.)

POST PRANDIAL.

FOR SALE.



SILAS B. QUICK (*marooned in small Irish hotel*): Say! What mails d'yew get here?

PAT: Breakfast, dinner, and tay, yer honour.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## A REPROACH TO HIS NEIGHBOUR.

By PARRY TRUSCOTT.

THROWN together by the necessities of space for the time it took them to eat their dinner, the two men had not so much made friends as assumed a friendship. "Between the soup and the savoury," among the light and the glitter and the scented warmth of the Criterion's crowded restaurant, they had turned a chance meeting into a welcome occasion, and this, as it seemed, as the result of the pressing, if unspoken, invitation of the younger, more virile, more arresting personality, rather than by any mutual agreement.

Yet if Godman Cooper, barrister-at-law, had done no more than politely respond at first, he had ended by forgetting his own reservations with regard to his fellow-diner. In his cautious mind, where he labelled everything, as the savouries were being handed round he added "strangely interesting" to his first brief summary of "picturesque" to describe the man who had said of himself: "My name's Revillon—French strain some way back—and that's all there is to know about me."

Thus Godman Cooper had made his mental addition in appreciation before he lighted his first cigarette—he often prided himself on that fact afterwards. For although, up to that moment, Revillon had shown himself as versatile, witty, brilliant even, in an elusive, rather fantastic, queerly haunting way, he had still said nothing to mark the meeting in any very permanent fashion on his chance acquaintance's mind. If, indeed, they had parted after the savoury, Godman Cooper might have recalled him subsequently with little more than the hazy interest generally accorded to the companionship of an hour.

Just that little more Revillon must have claimed for the complete impression made by his slight, agile figure, his dark, lean, handsome features, his quick ways, his clever quirks and jests, his contradictory eyes—blue eyes strung to extreme alertness, to hide, it seemed, their hoard of dreams.

Godman Cooper, himself a square, ruddy man, a little slow in speech, in movement, and in thought—clever, as someone had said of him, at handling facts, but the deuce at reaching them—Cooper made a most admirable contrast to the other's quick-glancing qualities. He felt, too, all the attraction of an utterly different type, a subtle attraction, shy but pleasurable. Quite likely he might have added "a winning personality" to his secret list of his companion's qualities while he smoked his third cigarette, had he not by that time forgotten his list in his interest in what had now become almost a monologue from Revillon.

They were occupying a small side-table under a window. Not far from them, at a larger and more central table, a rather noticeable party, a rather noisy and obtrusive party of three women and one man, were seated. The man presented only his broad back to Revillon, his shoulders hunched, his feet tucked round the legs of his chair, his bald head thrust forward as far as a red, short neck allowed. Godman Cooper, from where he sat—though only by turning a little uncomfortably—could see something of his features; undistinguished, heavy features, accurately matching his back view. The women were expensively, but badly, dressed, and noisy—a mother, evidently, and her two daughters. The man had the air of a showman and entertainer doing his liveliest for their special benefit, which, while it plainly added much to the hilarity of the evening, marked them as unaccustomed, as provincial, to the expert Londoner.

Over his first cigarette Revillon, who had leant back to enjoy it, bent forward again, his arms on the table. Across the small space now separating them he said to Godman Cooper in a low but perfectly audible voice: "Do you see that man there—there to the right, with those three women?"

"Yes," said Godman Cooper slowly. "North-countryman, I should say."

Revillon nodded, but hardly in answer. "I'll tell you something about him—I didn't mean to, but somehow it's irresistible. Turn your chair an inch or two and you'll see him better."

"Is it worth it?"

"I think so."

Godman Cooper's answer was to turn his chair. "Go on," he nodded. Then he added, as the result of easier inspection: "Why, he is a bounder!"

"Oh, well . . . !" Revillon seemed to reflect. "Here, I suppose, he does seem so. At home, in the bosom of his family as paterfamilias patronisingly indulgent, as a prominent member of the church and township, our Mayor setting a solid example of uprightness and rectitude; in his cotton-mills, getting the most he can out of his hands—and you can call it smart business or keeping them up to the mark for their own good, which you like—at home he doesn't seem so much a bounder as . . ."

"As a pompous ass, I should have said, perhaps," Godman Cooper interjected.

"Oh," flashed the other, his eyes alight and dancing, "if you'd seen him in my little shanty offering me terms to quit, you might well have said it!"

"You've been a neighbour of his, then?"

Revillon, in what was evidently a way he had, reserved his answer.

"You've taken him in? Would you know him again?" he asked.

"Yes, I dare say—if that can be worth while! He does not look to me anything but vulgar and rather well-to-do—the latter fact one notices because he evidently hasn't always been that."

"It's only worth while out of curiosity. But say what we like, we should most of us be interested—for a few minutes, anyhow—in seeing the richest man in England—in the world, probably: interested in being able to recognise him, say, in the street. He isn't such a Croesus as that to-day. . . ."

"He only looks moderately well-to-do."

"That's all he is—to-day. But he'll be the richest man in England, or more probably in the world, in a matter of months almost—in a year or two at most." He paused and added: "You can take my word for it."

At Godman Cooper's rather blank stare he laughed delightfully. "Oh, well," he said, "my word! I had forgotten you didn't know I existed until to-night! But you'll find it true and you'll remember. And I'll tell you why I know—I shall have made him that."

Godman Cooper leant a little nearer. "Made him that?"

Again Revillon omitted to answer. "He's starting to get things in train, or he wouldn't be in London and dining here with his wife and daughters. Oh, yes! Those are his wife and daughters. He walks so exceedingly straight one would almost be relieved at a curve or two in his undeviating path."

He seemed to stare over the bald head of his cotton-manufacturer, the dreams mounting in his blue eyes. With a charming, half-bashful look at Godman Cooper, he said at last: "No one need really envy him his wealth—think what it must be to have that plain wife and those daughters!"

"He does not see them with our eyes."

"The law of compensation! The most blinding Nemesis in the universe! Think of all it means *not* to see them with our eyes!"

"Oh well, well!"

[Continued overleaf.]

## JEWELS OF PRICE.

FOR SALE.



GWENDOLINE: My luck's out—bin an' lost me 'at-pin, now.

COOK: Which one?

GWENDOLINE: The gold one with the di'mond 'ead set in rubies.

COOK: What, the one you gave eightpence for only last Christmas.

FOR SALE.



MAUDIE (on the bed): I shall give up wearin' my foolry, Sundays.

ETHEL: Why?

MAUDIE: Oh, well, same's last week there was a young feller I met—he was nice, too—he said at first he took me for one of these City clurk typewriters, till we got talkin'.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.



"You think we are safer among concrete facts. And though it sounds so like a fairy-tale, it is a concrete fact I'm telling you—you'll find it so. Yes, I was a neighbour of his a little while back—a close neighbour; and that was the trouble. I am interested in cotton—at least, I was. In a manner, I've exhausted my interest at present. I wanted to see into cotton, make experiments with it of various sorts—I'd an idea I wanted to work up. But I'd precious little money; as oftens happens with me, I was extremely hard up. I didn't want to take small lodgings—experimenting does not make one popular in lodgings. I wanted space, and my meals when I had time for them, and the use of the kitchen sink. You've no idea how the kindest landlady will grudge you the kitchen sink! I've wondered sometimes—" He paused.

"Well, I couldn't move a laboratory about, you see," he went on, answering himself; "that's why one would be so precious little good to me, really."

"Go on," Godman Cooper said; but his often inexpressive face said more.

"Well, to cut a long story short, I took a little house jammed tight between two large houses; a narrow slip of a place, but going cheap, and attractive to me because it had a large kitchen with a very good window and a very good sink. You'll think I'm mad on sinks, and I was just then. Moreover, the last tenant had left a very strong, steady kitchen table behind, and on the strength of that table—and the sink—I took the house, as weekly tenant, from our friend over there, the respected Mayor. He lived next door, in the largest of the overshadowing mansions, and he gave me a sort of free pass to his cotton-mills—though I think he charged for it in the rent. Still, I wanted it—"

"Did you live alone?"

"All alone—so much more convenient when you're busy. Get up, go to bed, eat, drink, work—as it jolly well suits you. No interruption, no noise, nobody upset—at least, so I thought. But it seems my fate"—he laughed with his eyes—"always to upset someone—some dear, tidy woman, or some frightfully respectable man."

"Weren't you respectable?"

"As respectable as my most respected aunt—as I judge it. Never a woman through the door except the ugliest old charwoman once or twice—not more, for I hated the look of her about. I suppose the place got into a bit of a mess—empty tins. I haven't much art in cooking, and I couldn't always spare time to eat out, so I rather ran to tins. Empty tins, and ashes, and bits and pieces generally, didn't improve the garden or the view from our Mayor's back windows—forgot all about his blessed windows, to tell the truth. One or two of mine blew out, too, and I could see so much better for it that it seemed a pity—the weather was mild—to have them replaced. I hadn't an extensive wardrobe, and I suppose I looked a bit shabby—scarecrowish—going in and out. I hadn't always time to shave—and all that. Our friend over there pointed out all these things to me when he visited me at last to ask me to quit."

"He asked you to quit?"

"Fortunately, I had done all I wanted to do—all I came to do there."

"What consummate cheek!" Godman Cooper was moved to exclaim, looking from the clever, well-bred gentleman opposite him to the vulgar, commonplace man of whom he spoke.

"It was! But it was awfully amusing, too—pomposity is, if you see it that way. And I suppose I am not a very desirable neighbour when I'm really hard at it, and, of course, that little house was curiously placed—jammed so tight. I couldn't help seeing the humour of the situation, so I didn't resent his visit. Only I told him—which was true—that I couldn't afford to move. Materials and things had cost more than I reckoned—I was most uncommonly short. So I said to him, 'Well, if you like to pay me to go, I'll go'—like that. I meant it as a jest—to shut him up."

"What did he say?"

"He took it seriously—I ought really to have known he would. He's proud of his money—he likes buying. He said, 'How much will you take?'"

"Upon my soul, that's one way—"

"An idea had come to me while I first proposed the thing—as a jest. So, if you'll believe me, I haggled about the price. I mounted it to twice the amount first proposed before I would budge an inch. You see I wanted a decent sum, as I had still one or two things to clear up before I could be quite sure there was no flaw anywhere in the work I'd been at. I had enough just to live upon, but I wanted to make him responsible for the expenses of my experiment—if I turned out of his house. He said in the end that for the credit of the town—on account of his responsibility towards it as Mayor—and to rid it of an undesirable inhabitant, he would fork out. He said my 'manner of living was incompatible with any air of well-being,' and when I disputed that, he dragged in the word 'decency.' He said—"Revillon's eyes danced—"that I was 'a reproach to my neighbour'—quoted Scripture at me! I said to him, 'But don't you, as a manufacturer yourself, see how good it is for the manufacturers of tins—the way I collect and display them?' But he made nothing of that. He forked out, however—and I went."

"So you went?"

"I went, and he thought he had heard the last of me—but he hadn't. I fixed up a few points with regard to my experiment, and then—I'm like that, you know—my interest was used up in it. However, I knew his wouldn't be—not likely, of course—and I didn't want to waste months of work; I would give what I'd found its chance. Besides"—he stopped, the dreams mounting in his blue eyes again—"the world is not such a bad old place when all is said, and one likes to feel one has done one's bit, here and there, towards helping things on—"

It almost seemed he had finished, but Godman Cooper roused him.

"What did you do next?"

"Next? Oh, look here, you won't think I'm going to make a habit of telling this story, will you? I should hate you to think that. To-night happens to be an anniversary; but for something very special I shouldn't be here, for I am not in the habit of dining, so to speak. And you've saved me from loneliness, and you've got the good listener's face, and then seeing that fellow there, of all men! But it won't become a habit of mine to tell this—I want you to understand that."

Godman Cooper, with a fervour that surprised himself, said: "My dear chap, I understand."

"That's good! Well, what did I do next? It wanted a cotton manufacturer to work my idea, and after all, he had the first claim on it, since the money he gave me to quit had rounded the thing off. I suppose he really had no need to pay me a sou—could have turned me out neck and crop. So I wrote to him and offered him my idea for a thousand pounds. I was fearfully cautious, for I made it impossible for him to work the idea until the thing was all settled and sealed. When it was settled and sealed, the working—it's quite simple really—was made plain to him. And I took the thousand pounds—and here I am."

"Where are you?"

"With my hands free and my head free to work up another idea or two I've got. You know the world teems with them, they are everywhere, but one must have time and money to work them out. A thousand pounds will keep me going splendidly for the present—I should only be plagued with more. Besides, there is such a thing as romance—"

"The romance of uncertainty?"

"Yes. I hate"—he seemed to shiver—"to see too far ahead. It takes all the gilt off the gingerbread."

"That's why you wouldn't work your invention yourself?"

"That's it. Fancy me setting up cotton-mills and giving up the rest of my life to cotton! Fancy the grinding, stultifying monotony of that! And then this is going to be the biggest commercial invention of the age. That fellow there, if he only works it moderately well—and he's got the business instinct all right—is going to be rich, fabulously, horribly rich. What time have I to give to just being rich?"

Again that curious, momentary shiver shook his lithe, delicate frame. "I tell you," he said, "I'm a coward in some directions. Think of the ghastly responsibility of being the richest man in the world!"

"Your friend is thick-skinned enough not to mind it—as you would, certainly."

"He won't mind it at all—he'll glory in it. If I hadn't known that I wouldn't have saddled him with the thing."

Godman Cooper, across the table, leant close to his companion. "Don't tell me if you don't want to—" he began.

"What is it? But I do want to, of course! It's the simplest thing possible, though it had to be thought out very carefully to bring it to perfection. It's quite perfect now. It's just a preparation for making manufactured cotton unbreakable—and, by Jove, it does it too!"

"Unbreakable?"

"A solution—chemically perfect. You saturate the cotton—and there you are! And only that man over there knows the secret—he and I—and I have sealed my mouth with a thousand pounds!"

"But you said the richest man in the world!"

"Well, I don't see why not—I do see every reason to suppose he will be. Why, man alive, think of the possibilities—even one or two of them. As strong as iron or steel, and as light—as cotton! Think of torpedo-nets—things you might almost put in your pocket, and yet absolutely unbreakable—hawsers, machinery-bands, a thousand and one things in every-day use. Oh, good gracious, we might go on simply enumerating all night. As strong as iron or steel—and as cheap as cotton! That's it—the whole thing."

Very little more was said, but as they rose together to part Godman Cooper exclaimed: "You're the most amazing chap I've ever come across!"

The other smiled his gay, captivating smile. "Because I haven't saddled myself with a lot of old cotton-mills? Why, do you know, I felt awfully avaricious asking a thousand pounds! I was as near as a touch making it five hundred."

"No, no—but to think of such an idea and to go on experimenting until you got it."

"That sort of thing is my wealth," said Revillon; "one way or another we've all some sort of wealth somewhere about us. But I must be more careful next time—with my tins."

THE END.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

BRISTOL'S AIRY NAVIES—NAPIER HARDNESS-TESTS—"POISON" FOR REPAIRERS—THE TALBOT TRIUMPH.

## The Bristol Aeroplanes.

A special feature of the Aero Show, held last week at Olympia, was the fine exhibit of the Bristol aeroplanes by the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company, of Bristol. The great part played in the promotion and progress of aviation by the Bristol machines cannot be over-estimated, and their value and efficiency are more than demonstrated by the fact that after the severest tests under the most strenuous conditions they have been ordered by the Governments of Great Britain, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, Roumania, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Australia. During the last three years the output of this Company's establishment at Bristol has shown a continual increase, so that at the moment the work in hand necessitates the employment of 400 skilled workmen. Apart from the construction of flying-machines, the study and practice of aviation has been taught for long past at the "Bristol" flying-schools with astonishing success and safety. Of the total number of British flying certificates gained, 177 were issued to Bristol pupils. Of the 164 Army aviators, 112 qualified at Bristol. At Bristol, at least, the sacred lamp of aviation is kept brightly burning.



DESIGNED TO SAVE THE LIVES OF FALLING AIRMEN:  
THE CYROPACHUTE—SHOWN AT OLYMPIA.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

## The Metal of the Métallurgique.

That one man's meat is another's poison is a true and ancient adage. For example, a break-down in the machinery of a motor-car, though rank poison to the owner, means "meat" (in the form of employment) to the hands in the repairing-shop. In the case of the Métallurgique guarantee, however, the car-owners get most of the meat, and the repairing hands the poison. Let us turn from metaphors to facts. Notwithstanding, regardless, and in spite of the comprehensive guarantee, which is now extended to cover a period of three years for all 1913 models, the company have found it necessary to make a drastic reduction in the staff at their repair-works, as there arrives so little work to do under the guarantee. As there are now thousands of Métallurgique cars running on the roads of Great Britain, this is indeed eloquent testimony of staunchness and durability. There is no doubt and no denying that the Métallurgique is one of the very best of the many makes of car that come to us from abroad; and so great is the impression that it creates, that, once a Métallurgique-ist, always a Métallurgique-ist.



BEFORE SETTING UP A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR THE HOUR BY COVERING 103 MILES 1470 YARDS: MR. PERCY LAMBERT  
ON THE 25-H.P. INVINCIBLE TALBOT OWNED BY LORD SHREWSBURY.

Mr. Percy Lambert, the well-known amateur motorist, driving a 25-h.p. Invincible Talbot, owned by Lord Shrewsbury, broke the world's hour record at Brooklands the other day by covering 103 miles 1470 yards in that time; and, incidentally, broke the world's 50-miles record by covering that distance in 29 min. 2½ sec.—that is, at an average speed of 103½ miles an hour. Mr. Lambert beat the hour record by 6 miles.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

## The Quest for Perfection.

In making the round of a modern, up-to-date, and well-appointed motor-works, the intelligent visitor cannot but be struck with admiration at the immense pains and trouble which every department of such works takes to prove the soundness and suitability of the materials employed in the manufacture of the various parts for which it is responsible. This is brought home to any visitor to the Napier Works at Acton, particularly by a view of the hardness-testing machine in the Inspection-Room. The object of this apparatus is to test the hardness of the various parts, which are also closely gauged and otherwise critically scrutinised. The machine takes the form of a hydraulic ram, operated by a hand-pump, and carrying at its extremity a small ball of intensely hard material. The part the hardened surface of which is to be tested is placed on the stand, and pressure put upon it through the ball aforesaid and the ram, to the extent of three tons. The amount of hardening is gauged by the depth of the indentation made by the ball, the diameter of this depression being measured with infinite accuracy by a microscopic Vernier scale.

## The First to Do It.

The invincibility of the "Invincible" Talbot has been demonstrated in no uncertain way since I last referred to the doings of the wonderful 25-h.p. at Brooklands, when, steered by that prince of drivers, Percy Lambert, it came so near to encompassing one hundred miles in the hour. Bearing in mind the old saw, "If at first you don't succeed, etc.," Mr. Percy Lambert and his gallant Talbot did try again on Saturday, 15th inst., at Brooklands, and succeeded in an altogether glorious manner. Not one hundred miles in the hour, but 103 miles 1470 yards in the short space of sixty fleeting minutes! Sure, the bare contemplation of it fairly takes one's breath away; but it needs the scintillating pen of a Hilaire Belloc or a Filson Young to do so stupendous a feat anything like adequate justice in nervous English. Although so much credit belongs to the machine and the man, something there is to say for the tyres—"Palmers," which so successfully withstood the fearful strain to which they must have been subjected. And the Stewart Precision Carburetter, the heart of the beast. All hail to them all—all hail!



SIGN THAT GREAT BRITAIN IS PREPARING FOR POSSIBLE WAR IN THE AIR: A MACHINE-GUN MOUNTED ON A VICKERS MILITARY BIPLANE—EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL AERO SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*





### BARRIE AGAIN, A REVUE REVIEWED, AND TWO CHILD DANCERS.

WITH the arrival of Sir George Alexander at the Palace, the list of popular and prominent actors and actresses who had appeared at the halls became fairly complete, and it is difficult now to think of any popular stage favourite whose name has not some time or another appeared on the programme of a music-hall. But while the exponents of the art of acting have participated in this migration, the foremost dramatic authors have not followed suit to anything like an equal extent. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones

and Mr. Alfred Sutro have each made their attempt, with no very striking results, but few of the other well-known writers have thought it worth their while. Even the ubiquitous Mr. Bernard Shaw has not used the music-hall stage for his own private purposes. There is one and one only of all this galaxy of talent who has come to the halls, and in coming has seen and conquered. The production of his "The Twelve - Pound Look" was strikingly successful, and that

appearance. There is also some graceful music from the pens of Délibes and Tchaikovsky. The little ballet is completely pretty and is well worthy of the home of the ballet. In the meantime constant additions are being made to the Empire revue, some of them more satisfactory than others. Of course ragtime is doing its deadly work, and amongst the latest importations are two desperately determined fellows, Con Conrad and Jay Whidden, who, occasionally backed by the orchestra, extract torrents of noise from a piano and a violin. They are almost demoniacal in their energy, and, though they do not appear to have much to do with the revue, they succeed in obtaining a reception well-nigh as tumultuous as their own performance. Amongst the newer features of the show is a wonderful imitation of Fred Emney by that able mimic, Vernon Watson, the effect of which, however, is not enhanced by the inordinate length of the item. Robert Hale, of course, still continues to induce the audience to indulge in hunting whoops of varying orthodoxy. Since noise seems to be "all the go" nowadays, the Empire management is to be congratulated on providing an entertainment which gives conclusive proof that it is not going to allow itself to be, at any rate, shouted down.

**Brother and Sister.** I used not to be particularly fond of child actors and actresses. Their voices had a

knack of getting on my nerves, and their gestures appeared forced and unnatural. But times have changed, and just now the stage is particularly rich in talented and attractive children. At the Comedy Theatre dainty little Miss Mary Glynne is, without any apparent effort, carrying an entire play on her own pretty shoulders, and in another play the clever Eric Rae is doing the same thing on a smaller scale. On the halls are to be seen Beatie and Babs, two extremely gifted little persons, one with strikingly comic equipments; and owing to the efforts of Pavlova and others, we have an increasingly large crop of child dancers. At the Palladium I saw two new-comers whom I had not seen before. They are called Little Roy and Fay Lilmar, and are officially designated "Society's Celebrated Child Dancers." Their three dances are particularly

graceful and pretty, the boy, especially, being a born dancer. They come of very good family, and their every movement suggests breeding and refinement. Fay is perfectly at home on the tips of her small toes, and Roy, with his long, tapering legs, is endowed with unusual gifts. With youngsters like these two coming along, there should be a bright future for the English school of dancing.—ROVER.



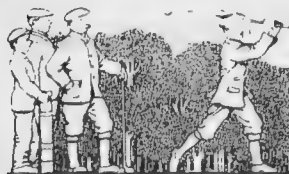
IBSEN'S "PRETENDERS," AT THE HAYMARKET: MR. BASIL GILL AS KING HAKON.

delightful little play had a longer run than is usually vouchsafed to what used to be called a "sketch." It introduced Mr. Barrie to the halls, and at the same time it introduced Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Edmund Gwenn; and now Mr. Barrie is once again showing that, whatever all the rest think about it, and whatever they mean to do about it, he is going to continue his conquests in the new field. His "Rosalind" has had a triumphant career. Forming part of a triple bill, it swept aside the works of Pinero and Shaw; and while those will never be heard of again, it has been played at more than one theatre, and is now delighting big audiences at the Coliseum, where, fortunately for the spectators, Miss Irene Vanbrugh again interprets Mr. Barrie, assisted with extreme ability by that talented young actor, Mr. Donald Calthrop. The change is remarkably sudden when, immediately following a very capable conjurer, there comes this pretty picture of the popular *ingénue*, who is really "forty and a bittock" and is revelling in the restfulness of middle-age, warning her youthful admirer against falling in love with one so much older than himself, and suddenly resuming her sprightliness and juvenility and dashing off to town to repeat her former triumphs. But Mr. Barrie's delicate and incisive humour carries everything before it, and he is as popular at the halls as he is in more serious houses.

**At the Empire.** The revue is not to have it all its own way in Leicester Square, and the ballet has returned to share the honours. In the present instance it is not upon a large scale, but the house is very obviously glad to return to its old love, especially as it allows of a sight of its firmly established favourite, Lydia Kyasht. "The Reaper's Dream," which is labelled "a ballet-idyll," is not in the least pretentious, but merely aims at daintiness and charm, and it completely realises its aspirations. There is a cornfield, and there are poppies galore; there is Lydia Kyasht dancing in her very best form; and there is Phyllis Bedells, whose dancing becomes more accomplished with her every



IBSEN'S "PRETENDERS," AT THE HAYMARKET: MR. E. ION SWINLEY AS PETER, AND MR. LAURENCE IRVING AS EARL SKULE.



# ON THE LINKS

WHERE THE SUFFRAGETTES CEASE FROM TROUBLING: GOLF AT BIARRITZ.

**The New Terror.** Apart from considerations of sunshine and climate, there is another special satisfaction about golfing in the South of France at the present time. When we go to bed at night we know that we shall have complete and uninjured putting-greens to putt upon in the morning, for the women hereabouts in the country of the Basques do not bother themselves about the vote, neither do they pour vitriol upon our golfing turf, nor root up the smoothest, prettiest grass with their spades and pointed weapons. The stories that come out to us from England are harrowing to our golfing community. Hardly a man of us but seems to suffer some personal loss. In my own case, the putting-greens of two of my favourite courses have been damaged. The greens at Mid-Surrey which have been attacked are among the finest in the world, and the pride of all the men who go golfing there. On this page I have nothing whatever to do with any political questions; but I would gently suggest to these ladies that they will be doing a bad day's work for themselves when they make enemies of the 300,000 golfers that there are in the land, for golfers generally are healthy and broad-minded people who were as likely to be their friends as anyone. And they should remember that, whatever their feelings may be about Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, these eminent statesmen do not make up the whole of golf, nor in spoiling our courses are the Suffragists interfering in the very least with the Parliamentary machine or the Parliamentary happiness. Surely, also, it is worth remembering that some fifty thousand lady golfers take their pleasure at the game. However, I think that such fiendish work as has already been done will be more difficult of accomplishment in the future.

**On Local Rules.** Mention of ladies reminds me of some of a different kind, and the interesting rules that they have for their golf here at Biarritz. It is set forth in big letters on a board, at the starting-point of the ladies' course, that "high-heels are absolutely forbidden." Then it would appear that certain of the male kind are much given to playing upon the ladies' course. We may take it that these gentlemen are not long drivers, and that their short game is none too reliable. Thus their talents are best displayed on the shorter and easier course that the ladies play upon, where, indeed, they may sometimes seem to be veritable lions at the game. I have noticed the same thing elsewhere; and, by a curious contradiction, the ladies of all grades of skill constantly yearn to play upon the courses of the men. But a little salt is

put upon the tails of the male golfers who would play upon the Biarritz ladies' course, for it is ordained, in big white letters on a black ground, that "the use of drivers or brasseys by gentlemen is forbidden." This is most interesting, and unique, I believe. I worked out in my mind the reason of the rule. Needless to say the regulation could not have been made for the

sake of preventing any damage to the course, for wooden clubs never injured golfing turf; and if they did, the wooden club of man would not be more likely to hurt it than the wooden club of woman. At St. Andrews they have a rule, and a very strict one, too, that no golfer shall play with iron clubs only, and Mr. Asquith himself was once pulled up for a breach of this rule. Offenders who persist are liable to a fine, and even imprisonment. For this law, however, there is good reason. Iron clubs pull tees and turf to pieces, and it is to save the course that the authorities of St. Andrews insist that a reasonable amount of wood shall be used in the play—or that, at all events, some pretence of using it should be made. Clearly, then, the Biarritz rule must be meant for a handicap on the men who

would play on the ladies' ground, and so it might prove a deterrent also.

**Short at the "Cliff."** There is another interesting special rule at this sweet golfing spot on the Côte d'Argent. Previously, I have referred to the famous "Cliff" hole with all its frowning difficulties, and since then I have had some closer intimacy with this strange piece of golf. At the top of the cliff where the ball has to be placed, there is a sharp slope upwards

for about a dozen yards, and then there is a wire rail stretched right across. Here begins the putting-green, which slopes the other way. The game, of course, is to pitch the ball on to the green; but a certain number of shots hit the bank on the near side of the wire, and from there they might easily be chipped on to the green; but apart from other considerations, there might be a certain amount of danger in playing such strokes if the ball lay very near to the edge of the cliff. Hence there is a local rule set forth on a board alongside the tee which says: "A ball not up the cliff as defined by the line of wire must be teed again with loss of distance only." I cannot recall any other instance where a player, having merely played short of his object, and his ball being in a playable place, is called upon to make another stroke, or, on the other hand, is given another chance after a failure. Still, the rule here is justified by the circumstances.

HENRY LEACH.



FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S STANCES! MASTERS J. H. TAYLOR JUN. (DRIVING) AND LESLIE JAMES TAYLOR, SONS OF J. H. TAYLOR, THE EX-OPEN CHAMPION, WHO IS PROFESSIONAL AT MID-SURREY.

Photograph by Sport and General.



LINKED NEATNESS SOON WORN OUT! DAMAGE DONE BY MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES ON THE SHERINGHAM GOLF COURSE.

We need scarcely remind our golfing readers that the tactics of the militant Suffragettes include the damaging of golf courses, and particularly, need it be said? of greens. Turf has been backed up, "Votes for Women" has been cut in it, and it has been destroyed by means of vitriol, or some other corrosive acid.

Photograph by H. H. Tansley.



## MAN'S USE OF POLITICAL VIOLENCE : PRECEDENTS FOR MILITANCY.

**W**OMEN engaged in the campaign of violence, by which it is thought by the well-paid few that the cause of female suffrage will be advanced, urge that they have precedents for all that they do or attempt. Broadly, there is something in the plea, but our forefathers suffered to win us the liberties which we now enjoy, liberties which enable women by constitutional and civilised methods to attain the ends which they profess to seek. In all lands and in many ages men have employed methods of violence

streets, with as many wounded in the gutters, and far more hidden with their hurts from the search of the police.

### A Cartful of Girls for Tyburn.

Fools though they were, they knew the cost that they might have to meet—and they cheerfully let others pay. Sam Rogers told at one of his breakfast parties how he had seen “a whole cartful of young girls, in dresses of various colours, on their way to be executed at Tyburn” for participation in the riots. And Greville, who loved a trial as he loved a death-bed, told him how he had heard a number of boys, to their own “excessive amazement,” sentenced to death in connection with the same outbreak. “Never,” added Greville, in his own way—“never did I see boys cry so!” The Reform Act riots were quite another story. Here there was a national demand for an act of elementary justice which years of agitation had failed to achieve. The violence was indefensible, but it is one of the instances cited to justify the current barbarism of women who are in the enjoyment of all the essentials of the reforms and remedies, for the acquisition of which those men fought and suffered. The conditions were entirely different from those now subsisting. There was no way in which the popular voice could be heard: the right of public meeting was withheld. Parliament threw out Reform Bills again and again. There was no way but to insist upon the right, not to riot, but to speak and be heard.

### To Kidnap a Cabinet Minister?

A stone once started downhill is with difficulty arrested. Violence was met with violence; the Prince Regent was attacked, and later, the mob not only stoned the Duke of Wellington's house, but made him afraid. It was the only time he knew fear; he afterwards confessed that he was genuinely frightened when he got wind that the mob meant to hold up King William's carriage on Ludgate Hill, seize the King, and keep him as a hostage until the Reform Bill should pass. They say that the Suffragettes have a similar plan in regard to a certain member of the Government! For every good result achieved by violence ten thousand wrongs are done. If precedent be sought for the senseless things now being done in the name of women, then



“FITZBILLY” GO UP ON THE FIRST NIGHT: THE FITZWILLIAM HALL BOAT AFTER BUMPING TRINITY HALL III., IN THE “LENTS” AT CAMBRIDGE.

On the first night of the “Lents” at Cambridge, Fitzwilliam Hall (otherwise known as “Fitzbilly” or “the Non-Colls”) went up one place on the river, by bumping Trinity Hall's third boat, in the third division. Fitzwilliam Hall is the headquarters of the Non-Collegiate students.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

for securing their purpose. They have not, as a rule, been right in so doing. Still, it is a fact that reforms have had to be sought through the medium of the incendiary's torch, the hammer of the house-smasher, the reeking cleaver of the butcher.

**Peterloo.** England, at war with France without, produced in miniature a similar condition of war within when she was battling unsuccessfully against the violence and disorder which, accompanying the demand for Reform, culminated in Peterloo, where eleven people were killed and six hundred more or less badly wounded. The great Chartist demonstration in London, years later, when half the British home force stood at arms in various parts of the city, and the future Napoleon III. was out as a special constable ready to crack the first head butting out, was a demonstration similar in character and aim, but bloodless. It involved not so much as the blowing up of a single Cabinet Minister's house, nor the ruin of a single unfortunate innocent's letter in a pillar-box. The potentialities were there, that is all.

### 250 Rioters Shot in London.

Those who commit riotous acts have always had to abide by the rioter's fate. The victims may have been right or they may have been wrong, but the sum-total of their efforts was to give us the right of public meeting, the right to religious and political freedom which to-day enables us to obtain by sane means the measures believed by a majority to be for the public weal. These old exponents of violence ran the risks, and ran it often enough for unworthy causes. We are witnessing to-day in the Suffragist war sporadic reproductions of the maniacal riots associated with the detested name of Lord George Gordon. The agitation had for its object the repeal of Acts which gave a Catholic the right to worship according to his conscience; and for the love of God a mob fired, ravaged, and pillaged London—and left 250 of their number shot dead in the



THE “LENTS” AT CAMBRIDGE: A VIEW OF TWO OF THE BOATS RACING AND THEIR SUPPORTERS ON THE TOWING-PATH OPPOSITE DITTON.

The Lent Races began at Cambridge on Wednesday last, the 19th. The narrow, winding Cam presented the usual scene, with excited undergraduates tearing along the tow-path and shouting encouragement to their college boat. The races were rowed in three divisions.—[Photograph by Topical.]

not a few, but all, must be read. And the precedents for the special work of mischief are those which all historians, other than Anarchists and sanguinary-minded lunatics, hold up as awful examples of what human nature at its worst and basest may do.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Marianne is Young Again.

Nothing is more remarkable, here in Paris, than the rejuvenation of Marianne, who represents, as everyone knows, the great French Republic. Only two or three years ago, Marianne, in all the revues, was a blowsy old woman with her Republican cap askew, shabby shoes, and frayed skirts, who lamented that she had once seen better days. Last night, at the Gaieté-Rochechouart, I found her aged eighteen, in the daintiest cap and frock, welcoming, with brilliant smiles, her new husband, M. Poincaré. Other Mariannes, dressed in the costumes of 1789 and 1848, gave our present perky damsel good advice, but she was in want of none of it, and looked as capable as, and much more alert than, any Prussian grenadier. For the spirit of patriotism and optimism which is everywhere in France to-day is very noticeable in the theatres, so that, from "Alsace" and "Servir" down to the most trifling and amusing vaudeville, you cannot escape its exhilarating breezes. Those of us who love France are well pleased, for there is something wrong with a nation which can look on and laugh when its symbolic personage is represented, on the stage, as an elderly, ludicrous slattern. Marianne, it is obvious, begins a new era with her new President, for the popularity of Poincaré is amazing. He seems to appeal to concierges and countesses alike, and he has every man's good word.

### Silhouettes at the Théâtre Français.

There is a brand-new piece at the Théâtre Français—a sort of superior melodrama, called "L'Emboscade"—which, if it leaves you unmoved emotionally, is worth seeing for the feminine silhouettes in the first act. Never have I beheld more beautiful or graceful dresses, and the effect of the three principal women, seated at a table in a lamp-lit garden on the Riviera when the curtain rises, explains all the amazing ascendancy of the Parisienne over her compatriots. I know a wise young man who declares that, if he were a woman in our present state of civilisation, he would spend on dress every penny he could beg, borrow, or steal. Indeed, as things are, it is a weapon which no one can afford to discard. The three actresses at the Comédie represent the last word in alluring silhouettes, for it is, of course, *la ligne*, and not mere fripperies and trimmings, which is the aim of the dressmaker to-day. And, moreover, the woman of thirty—which is a euphemism for forty—has taken things into her own hands. The modes are no longer set by unmarried girls.

Indeed, the *jeune personne* is having a bad time of it in Paris just now, for if the women are dressed like goddesses, the girls are habited like guys. A garment which resembles a potato-sack, narrowed at the feet, is all they are allowed to wear. Their sleeves touch their knuckles, their bodices reach their chin, their hair is plastered to their heads, their hats are frankly hideous. Yet the aim of their mothers is to ape, as far as modern conditions admit,

the charms of an antique statue. The neck and arms are lightly veiled in tulle, and, draped in deft swatheries, the figure emerges, triumphant, like the Venus of Milo in all her glory at the Louvre. Woman, on the French stage, if she over-accentuates her old-fashioned femininity, is determined to keep her ascendancy over the mind of man by means of her charm and grace.

### The Polite Parisian.

If I could remove my hat without undoing five pins, I would take it off. to the polite Parisian. Even a week in the French capital will impress you with his tact and good-humour, his amazing assiduity in paying afternoon calls, in dropping pieces of paste-board at the psychological moment. At any "day," from four to seven, you will see him heroically mounting four flights of stairs to present a bunch of roses to his hostess, to simulate a kiss on fifty pretty hands, to pay a compliment to all the young *débutantes*. It is true that the *jour*, with its teacups and sugar-cakes, is the only remnant left of the famous French salon. And, as a Parisian must converse or have an apoplectic fit, he no doubt frequents the "five o'clocks" of his married friends in order to preserve his health and sanity. The number, of middle-aged and elderly Frenchmen who pursue an unbroken routine of afternoon teas is simply amazing to a Londoner, accustomed in the daytime to a sea of petticoats, in which one solitary black coat emerges like a storm-signal. The young Frenchman, it is true, is not so much in evidence, for, unless he is looking for a wife with a fortune, he does not give up the daylight hours to dallying with the fair at tea. Still, even the youngest and giddiest Parisian will pay his calls, present nosegays and sweetmeats, on New Year's Day, to hostesses whose hospitalities he has enjoyed—in short, return, at any rate with his homage, some of the trouble she has been put o during the year.

### The Serious Young Man.

Nowhere, I fancy, is the modern young man so serious as in France. In real life, though courageous and chivalrous, he has none of the high spirits of the English or American boy. He not only works harder, for less money, but he plays less, and seems to look upon life with quite different eyes from those of his Anglo-Saxon contemporaries. And on the stage, as in life, his youthful gravity is portentous. He makes speeches a page long, admonishing his elders, refusing the good things of this world on principle, and generally conducting himself as a sage of fifty might do. Possibly he may grow a trifle more light-hearted as the years go by, for certainly the middle-aged Frenchman has more vivacity than his younger contemporaries. It would seem as if the favourite philosophers of the youngsters, Nietzsche and Bergson, had anything but an enlivening effect upon their mental outlook.



IN SILVER-GRAY CHARMEUSE AND BROCHÉ, TWO ASPECTS OF A VISITING-GOWN.

The tunic is made of broché and has a swathed sash ending in a large bow at one side. The sleeves being short, long suede gloves, in the new flesh-coloured tint, make a delicate finish to the costume.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 12.*

## THE CHARTERED REPORT.

OWING partly to the political conditions and partly to the knowledge that the Report was unlikely to be very encouraging, the amount of excitement and speculation in Chartered shares has been very small this year compared with last.

On Wednesday the Report for the year ending March 31, 1912 appeared, and the price of the shares promptly fell to 22s. 6d., which is the lowest price touched at any time during the last two years.

The two most disappointing features are the failure of Southern Rhodesia to pay its way, and the loss in revenue of £46,000, owing to the conversion of interest-bearing loans to the Colony's Railways into shares of the Rhodesia Railways Trust. Although the Southern Rhodesian receipts showed a satisfactory increase at £808,602, the expenses have increased even more rapidly, and amounted to £837,815, but, luckily, there was an accumulated balance from the previous years of £56,289. With regard to the above-mentioned loss in revenue, the Report states that it has been sacrificed "in order to ensure the Company a preponderating percentage in the reversionary value of this most important asset."

In other directions the Report is much more encouraging; Northern Nigeria continues to be a heavy burden, but the deficit in the administrative account is £6000 less than in 1910-11. The Company's commercial position continues to progress, and shows an expansion of about £30,000 in profits, while the value of land is steadily rising. Receipts from instalments on land sales amounted to £50,400, against £35,300 for the previous year, and the average price secured per morgen rose from 4s. 8d. to 5s. 10d., and has since improved to 7s. 2d. The Company still hold a hundred million acres unalienated.

Of course, much has happened since the close of the period dealt with in the Report. We fear the severe drought of last summer will cause a set-back, and it is difficult to see how a deficit is to be avoided for the current period, as the Southern Rhodesian administrative accounts are likely to be somewhere near £50,000 to the bad.

On the other hand, we have little doubt that the Report is correct in stating that the set-back is only temporary, and that Rhodesia is going ahead very fast. Agriculture—especially tobacco-growing—is in a very flourishing condition; and we are glad to see the Company are launching out on a large scale in agricultural and pastoral business for their own account. We cannot help thinking, however, that an effort to encourage immigration would be even more profitable to the Company.

The mines had a record year, and it is expected that the outputs will shortly be very materially increased by the installation of new machinery.

As long as the commercial part of the Company's business remains combined with the administrative, it is almost impossible to form an estimate of the value of the shares; but if they were worth 25s. 6d. in 1911, which was the lowest price touched, they should certainly be worth more to-day, although a dividend is still a long way off.

## ZAAIPLAATS TIN.

The following extract from a letter, dated Jan. 25, which we have received from a correspondent who is on the spot, may prove of interest, and it is worth noting that the January output from this mine was actually 90 long tons. He says—

You may be interested to know that No. 13 Pipe, which was the Zaaiploats' largest producer, and which suddenly went very erratic and poor some time back, is at the present moment more like a fissure, or lode, or *perhaps* has now developed into a lode—its size yesterday (that is, Jan. 24) was 5 ft. high and 30 ft. long, and the average all through, over 20 per cent. tin—far richer than it ever was before. November output, on account of scarcity of water (and temporary erratic nature of ore-bodies, perhaps) was 50 tons (short); December output was 72 long tons; January output, and afterwards, will probably be 90 to 100 tons. Various other ore-bodies—Nos. 2 and 4, particularly—are going well also.

While admitting that this is a very distinct improvement, we are still doubtful whether investigations at depth will lead to permanently profitable discoveries. The erratic nature of the ore-pipes compels the idea that limits of the tin-bearing granite cannot be very far off; and although rich finds like the one referred to by our correspondent may be struck from time to time and thus enable the output to be improved temporarily, we are still waiting to be convinced that the present price of the shares is justified by the actual proved value of development. The mine has been worked in the past upon the most approved method of "selective mining"—a very excellent way of working when the fact is admitted, but one very apt to mislead those who do not know that only the richest patches are being touched.

## SELFRIDGES.

It has been clear for many months past that Selfridges have been doing very much better, but the Report which appeared last week

exceeded expectations. Trading profits at £104,000 compare with £50,200 in 1911, being more than doubled. After paying the Debenture interest and Preference dividend there remains a sum equivalent to about 12 per cent. on the Ordinary shares (which are all privately held), but the directors, instead of distributing it, have very wisely decided to use it to strengthen the balance-sheet. With this object the whole of the underwriting commission on the Debentures, amounting to £20,000, is written off, and the item preliminary expenses, which stood at just under £100,000, is reduced by £36,800. Depreciation of furniture and fittings receives £3600, and £8000 is carried forward for the benefit of the Preference shareholders.

Altogether the management are to be heartily congratulated on this Report. No better argument could be produced to prove the benefits of judicious advertisement, and Selfridges deserve the thanks of every newspaper in the land. Besides their own advertisements, they have stimulated competitors to no small degree. Although the price of the Debentures has been rising for some time, they do not look over-valued at the present quotation of 91-94.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

The flood of new issues shows not the slightest signs of abatement at present. As was expected, the underwriters of the New Zealand loan, have had to shoulder a large proportion. Among coming issues there is talk of a large loan to be floated here on behalf of the State of San Paulo. The terms are not yet settled—or, at any rate, known—but the amount mentioned is £7,000,000. The prospectus of the £3,000,000 Montreal loan will appear shortly, and, in addition, the Chinese loan will come along presently, and the settlement of the Balkan trouble must mean fresh demands for money. Is it surprising that there is a disposition in many quarters to suggest that it is time to call a halt?

It now appears certain that America is going to have an income-tax in some form or other, and we fear it will press heavily on some of the holders of Ordinary stock in American concerns. Where there are large amounts of prior charges whose interest is payable free of tax, the question may be very serious.

Very little attention seems to have been paid to the fact that the Preferred stock-holders of the Union Pacific Railway Company are to share in the distribution of Southern Pacific Common. Although there is not a very large bonus attached to the offer, the fact that the Preferred stock-holders are to participate looks as though they are considered to be entitled to share in any bonus which may subsequently be distributed. This has always been a disputed point, and, as there is a reasonable prospect of a bonus before long, it is far from unimportant. At the present price of 91, the yield is over 4 3-8, and the security, of course, ample.

The Globe and Phoenix Company agitation is rapidly drawing to a close, and by the time these lines appear the meeting will be over, and either the present board will be left in triumph, or Messrs. Bowman and Sharp will have been elected. In the latter case, the board have expressed their intention of resigning, so there will be an entirely new control of the Company's affairs. We have no wish to take sides in the matter, but the last circular issued by the board was not very convincing, and there is no getting away from the fact that for many years the present Directors have drawn salaries equivalent to 7½ per cent. on the Company's capital.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

As a matter of fact, I believe this is the first time that I have pressed my unwelcome attentions upon you in the present year. For this a variety of reasons could be assigned, none of which would interest you in the least, so I do not propose to trouble you with them. The Stock Exchange is very quiet now, and I am able to snatch three or four hours from the busiest part of the day in which to pour out these lucubrations.

Go to any Stock Exchange man of your acquaintance, and he will probably tell you that he has never seen anything like it in his life before. Conceivably you have heard somewhat similar statements from his lips on many former occasions, but this time there does seem to be some ground for the assertion, because business has flown from most of the markets, and there is little more than a bread-and-cheese living to be picked up for the majority of us. We cannot, you see, key ourselves up to the height of writing alluring little puffs about our success in different deals when dictating our daily correspondence. Such efforts we should in any case prefer to leave to others; but if it were possible to imagine a Stock Exchange man doing this sort of thing, the urgency of his self-recommendations would probably be in exact ratio to the dwindling of his business that would make the procedure necessary at all.

If you want to become a member of the Stock Exchange, this is the time of year in which to think about it. For the House twelvemonth ends on March 24, and new members' names will be exhibited next week. The cost of membership at the present time is, roughly, about a thousand guineas, which provides, *inter alia*, for the purchase of three Stock Exchange shares, upon which the dividends can be reckoned, with a certain amount of safety, at £10 per annum—paid free of tax. So the outsider could come in without what might be called dead loss at all, for he would receive about 3 per cent. on the money which he laid out. In New York it costs at least ten times as much to buy a seat in the Wall Street Stock Exchange, and, of course, it is a popular cry that membership of the London Stock Exchange is becoming far too cheap a matter. At the same

[Continued on page 262.]

# THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

## Promise of the Season.

There is every prospect of a brilliant season proper. It will be inaugurated by the wedding in Westminster Abbey, on April 12, of Lady Beatrice Cecil, elder of the two daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, with the Hon. William Ormsby-Gore. Fourteen years ago a season a precursor of which were the weddings in Westminster Abbey of the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe and of Viscount and Viscountess Hampden, on April 20 and 29 respectively, proved exceptionally brilliant. This year we look forward to the State visit of the King and Queen of Denmark. The King is a fine, tall, well-set-up man, not so handsome as his brother, King Haakon of Norway, but having a very nice face and a very kind one. The Queen Alexandrine is distinctly pretty. She is one of the two sisters of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; the other is the wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia—Prince Imperial of Germany, as styled by the "Almanach de Gotha," though it is usual to see only his title to Prussia admitted, and only the style Royal Highness given, while he is really Imperial Highness, although he is the only one of the Emperor's children to whom it applies. The cadets are all Royal Highnesses. There will be a Gala at the Opera, a State Ball, and possibly a Court during the stay of their Majesties of Denmark.

## Dances.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia are coming home for a time. It is said to be their intention to be in Ottawa again before June. That, however, will depend on several things. Clarence House is being prepared for them, and there will be dances given for Princess Patricia. Much has been written of the decadent dancing of these days, or rather nights; much complaint, too, has been made of dearth of dances. Of the first it can only be said that so-called decadent dancing will not invade the ball-rooms of the Court circle; of the second, that so much publicity was directed—in newspapers—to small private dances, interesting only to hostesses and their guests, that now invitations are given over the telephone, and a certain secrecy adds zest to very many impromptu hops

that are lightening the Lenten season for young folk. So keen are hostesses on keeping out of the papers anything but such announcements as they themselves desire to make, that servants and caterers are asked not to talk about these little affairs. Town is very full, and amusement is not lacking, while dancing is not being overdone, as it undoubtedly was this time last year.

## Skirts That Have Arrived.

There is something quite queerly fascinating about the skirts draped in long folds at the back and caught round to the narrow hem in front. Sitting at lunch at a smart restaurant the other day, a man was smiling in enjoyment of a joke all his own. Pressed to share it, he confessed that the women seemed to him to have got turned the wrong way. He found the backs of their heads where their faces ought to be. He was quite sad when informed that it was only the effect of the skirt trimming at the back, and expressed his intention of trying his coat turned that way.

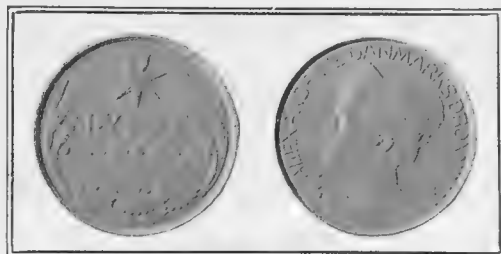
Feet are as effectually swaddled with the new skirts (which have rather the effect of costumes-for-a glorified sack-race) as with the old, which were not draped, or very slightly so, and from the front to one side. Many of the hats appear to have been devised to hide the face, so that a man has to look long before he discovers his most admired, and the greeting, "Oh, it's you," is hardly so inane as it sounds. It seems to



THE FOX-SHOOTING SEASON AT EASTBOURNE! A NOTICE BY AN IRATE SMALL-HOLDER OFFERING A PRIZE FOR 100 DEAD FOXES.

In retaliation for alleged damage by the Eastbourne Hunt to his orchards between Lewes and Battle, Mr. Percy E. Hurst, of Croydon, has issued the notice here shown. In it he offers 5s. 6d. each for 100 foxes shot (not trapped) in the Eastbourne Hunt country during the hunting season, and delivered dead to a shop in Croydon. In his open letter attached to the notice he compares the hunt to "a wild horde of Connemara 'cavalry' or Bashibazouks."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



TRIBUTE FROM THE BABY BLESSED WITH SIGHT TO THE BABY BORN BLIND: A "LUCK PENNY" ISSUED BY THE DANISH POST OFFICE—OBVERSE AND REVERSE.

The "luck penny" here illustrated, a coin struck in the Royal Mint at Copenhagen, is a device of the Danish Postmaster-General, Einar Holbøll, to raise subscriptions for the education of the blind. One of the coins is sold to the parents of every child born with the gift of sight, for whatever sum the parents like to give. The head on the coin is that of Queen Alexandrine of Denmark, patroness of the scheme.

me that women take a special pleasure in making themselves look each season as different as possible from what they did the last. There is an uncertainty, pleasing or otherwise, for a man who marries a girl this year as to what she will look like next!

## The Court.

Friday night's Court was the last of the pre-Easter season. It was largely attended, and was a fine sight, if not quite so splendid as the first, when so many Diplomatic and Official uniforms were worn. There were many presentations. The Hon. Mrs. Dalrymple White, daughter of Viscountess Falkland, was presented on her marriage by her mother, Viscountess Falkland. A débutante of interest was the Hon. Helena Coventry, daughter of Lord and Lady Deerpark, and granddaughter of the Earl and Countess of Coventry. Mrs. Harry Goschen presented an only girl. Mrs. Hereward Wake, who was Miss Benson, was presented on her marriage; and so was Mrs. Morrison Bell. Miss Talbot was presented; the Countess Brownlow attended to make some presentations in the family, and her sister-in-law, the Hon. Lady Talbot, was also at the Court. The royal circle was not a very full one; the King and Queen appeared to be in excellent health and spirits; and the arrangements were, as usual, very good.

## A Blow Out.

The kind of blow out no one likes to hear of is the one that happened to Mr. Lloyd George's house at Walton-on-the-Hill. It is cowardly and un-English to do such things. There were people up there who suggested putting

up a blank wall, or hoarding, on the land opposite the house, and decorating it with a charming design of "Ninepence for Fourpence," in order that Mr. George might always have from his windows a pleasant prospect of his own good works. To blow the windows out is another matter which was actually done. The other was talked of as a joke. There is not much order in these days, and the law is set at naught; but there yet remains some respect for what we Britons call playing the game. Such of us as preserve it deprecate with all our hearts this outrage.



TALLER THAN A PANTOMIME GIANT: A STILTED HOP-WIRE REPAIRER AT WORK IN KENT.

The stilts used by men employed to mend the wires of hop-poles in Kent, as our photograph shows, make them nearly three times as tall as an ordinary man.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



USEFUL AT PROCESSIONS AND FOOTBALL MATCHES: A KENTISH HOP-WIRE REPAIRER ON STILTS.

A pair of stilts such as those used by Kentish hop-wire repairers would be distinctly useful to diminutives spectators at the back of a crowd at some public event.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



*Continued from page 260.]*

time, I would venture to prophesy that any repetition of such sensational business as we had only three years ago—at the time of the rubber boom—would send up the applications for membership with a bound. It has to be remembered now that each new man must also become a proprietor by buying one or three shares, according to his need of qualification, so that any increase in the membership means a wider distribution of the shares, to the steady harmonising of interests between shareholders and members.

The next step, after the ladies have got the vote, and have become eligible for membership of the House of Commons, will naturally be in the direction of the House which is in the City. If those dear angels, Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and their soft-voiced following, would pay us a visit in the Stock Exchange, I feel perfectly certain that they would have such a reception as would remain in their memories for the rest of their days. Of the various suggestions made for dealing with the nuisance, one at least is picturesque, if not practicable. "Shave all the hair off their heads," suggested a client, "and stain their faces a dark blue," the idea being that, with these distinguishing marks, they would be easy for the police to watch, notwithstanding wigs and heavy veils. What surprises a good many of us is that the authorities do not impose heavy fines without giving the option of imprisonment, and take steps to see that the fines are paid. This could surely be done under the existing laws; and, manifestly, not a few of these ladies have a great deal more money than is good for them. Mr. Lloyd George appears to be missing a remarkably good opportunity for robbing "hen-roosts," and I commend the idea to him and to the authorities for what it may be worth—which, in my humble opinion, should be something substantial. If public opinion in these latter days is too delicate for such brawlers to be laid across a policeman's knee and smacked, or to be installed in the ducking-stool, it would not object to some sort of compensation being taken from them to pay for the wickedly malicious damage wrought by the shrieking sisterhood. Call your politics what you like, you will have to admit, I fear, that the present Government is somewhat weak in the knees and jellified in the backbone, of which condition other symptoms may be found all too easily in the railway and industrial worlds.

The American Market stands once more at the parting of the ways, and if the new President is not careful, he will go and overdo the anti-Trust business, just as Roosevelt did in Harriman's time. Over here we can all sympathise with the sorry plight of the American citizen who finds himself compelled to pay through the nose for what we should consider more or less inferior articles, simply because the tariff wall round his country prevents that competition which would reduce values to reasonable levels and secure far greater comfort for the mass of the people merely at the cost of reducing some of the millions of dollars which at present flow into the pockets of the Trust bosses. Were the railroads not so intricately entangled with the various Trusts, it would stand to reason that increased competition must of necessity bring them large increases of traffic; but railroad and Trust interests are hopelessly intertwined in the United States, and tariff reform would no doubt send down net revenue

for a time. I think that the average speculator will do well to stand aside from the Yankee Market for the present, pending some more definite indication of which way the cat is likely to jump when the new President becomes formally installed in office.

Tight money is playing havoc with markets all over the place. To its influence is due the drop in the prices of raw rubber, of copper, of many commodities in which Mincing Lane specialises. To it are directly attributable the falls in Canadas, Shells, Royal Mails, Brazil Rails, Home Railway Debentures, and a whole host of other things, widely diverse in character. The pity of it is that, beyond the strength of the Bank of England position, there is little indication of the stringency relaxing; and if the Balkan War goes on, no doubt money will remain dear. It is, however, to the expectation of cheaper rates in Lombard Street that the bull must turn his eyes for relief from the present depressing factors that rule round the Stock Exchange. Cheaper money would help us enormously; but until the prosperity of trade shows signs of slackening—and of that there is no immediate indication—we must be content perforce to put up with matters as they are. It is almost hopeless to expect improvement in prices or business so long as we are ground under the heel of money rates as stiff as they are at the present time, and so, *cher mon ami*, you will just have to wait until next we meet, for tips from

Saturday, Feb. 22, 1913.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

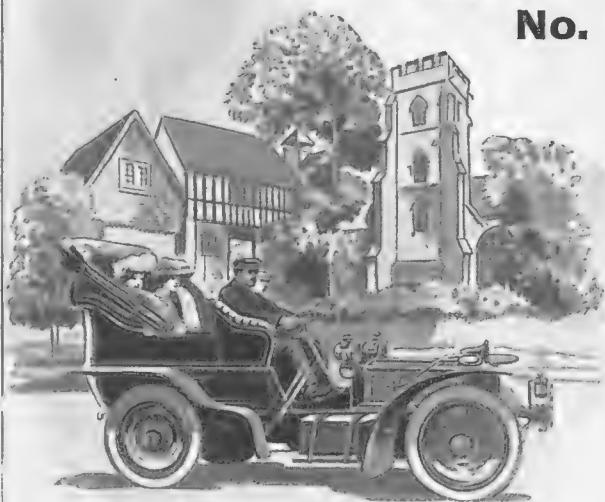
VEVEY.—Will probably receive 2 per cent. for next two years, with possibility of increase later on. Bearing in mind the speculative possibilities of the country, we should be inclined to hold, although they cannot be called a safe investment.

DOUBT.—(1) Redeemable at par on or before April 1, 1960. If before, six months' notice must be given; (2) The only grounds offered in December were a long way from the Company's officina. As soon as grounds adjoining present property are offered, the Company will buy and reopen the officina. There is no idea of selling old property.

H. J. S.—On Feb. 3 it was decided to increase the capital to £1,400,000 by the creation of 4,000,000 new Deferred shares of 2s. each, which will, presumably, be offered to present holders, pro rata, before very long, and probably at a price to afford a bonus. You can safely hold.

F. D. H. (Harrogate), E. H. M. (Transvaal), and J. E. P. (Manchester).—We have replied by post.

P. A. F.—The Company is run by the same people as Southern Alberta. We are not very optimistic, but you have such a heavy loss that it would perhaps be worth risking the additional money to extend your option. The Debentures are considered fair of their class, but we advise the exchange you suggest.



## EARLY MOTOR CAR TYPES.

### No. 13.—The Lorraine Dietrich.

If one were to search for the most distinct step forward in the motor-car movement which marked the year 1904, it would be found in "The Motor-Car Act," which came into force on January 1 of that year. This marked a more tolerant frame of mind towards the new locomotion on the part of the community, together with a healthy diffusion of interest.

Possibly the most outstanding piece of the fresh legislation was that which authorised a speed of twenty miles an hour—a boon at that time, but now a shackle, as many motorists with lightened purses could bear witness.

A glance at the Lorraine Dietrich pictured here will show that designers were moving, as well as legislators. Indeed, such a car, if seen on the road to-day, would not excite a great deal of comment. The Cape Cart hood, with its high pitch, certainly looks old-fashioned, but in that year it was a comparative novelty, superseding the pillar-supported canopy.

In this general advance towards perfection Dunlop tyres took a leading part. Improved machinery, improved methods, improved material all told their tale. Thus it was that Mr. C. J. Glidden, in his marvellous tour round the world, which he commenced in 1904, selected tyres of Dunlop manufacture. Sometimes over roads, sometimes over trails, sometimes over trackless wastes, Dunlops put a girdle round the earth, and the victorious sequel to the undertaking proved the justification of his choice.

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Single Tablets 4d.

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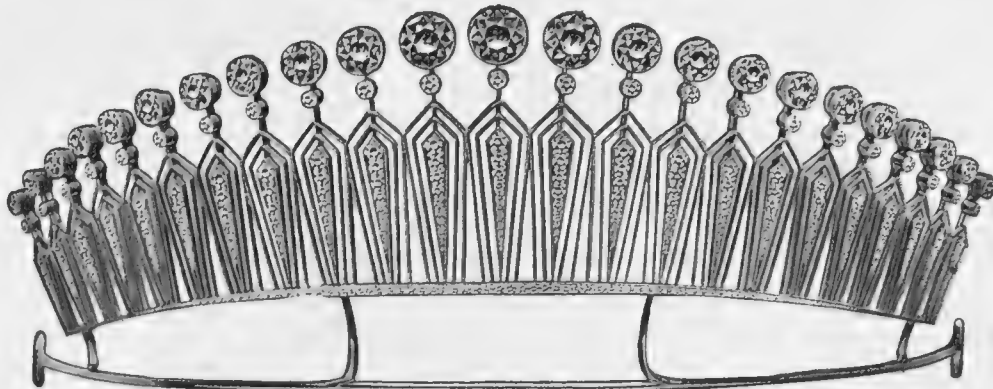
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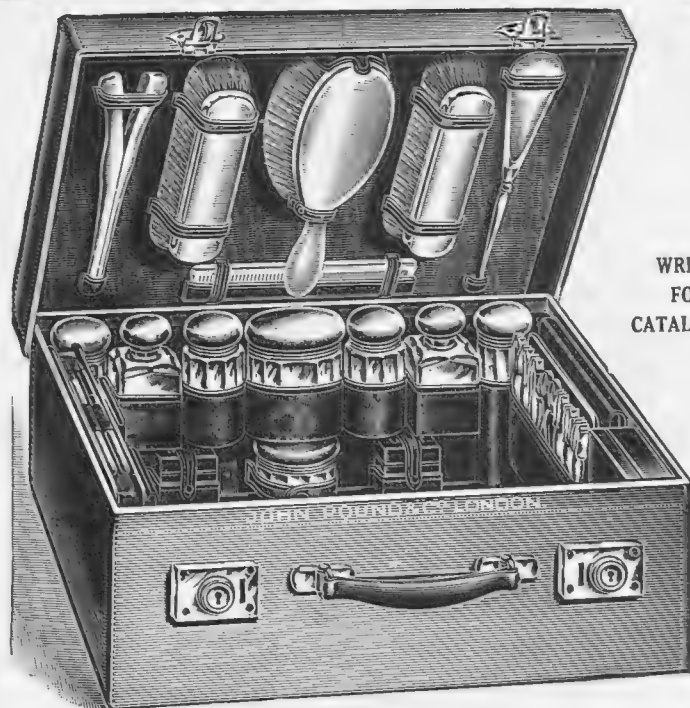
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81, 82, 83, 84, LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.



"ONE PENNY, GIVE ME,  
IF YOU PLEASE,  
AND EIGHT, I PROMISE  
YOU, OF THESE."  
—Old London Cry.



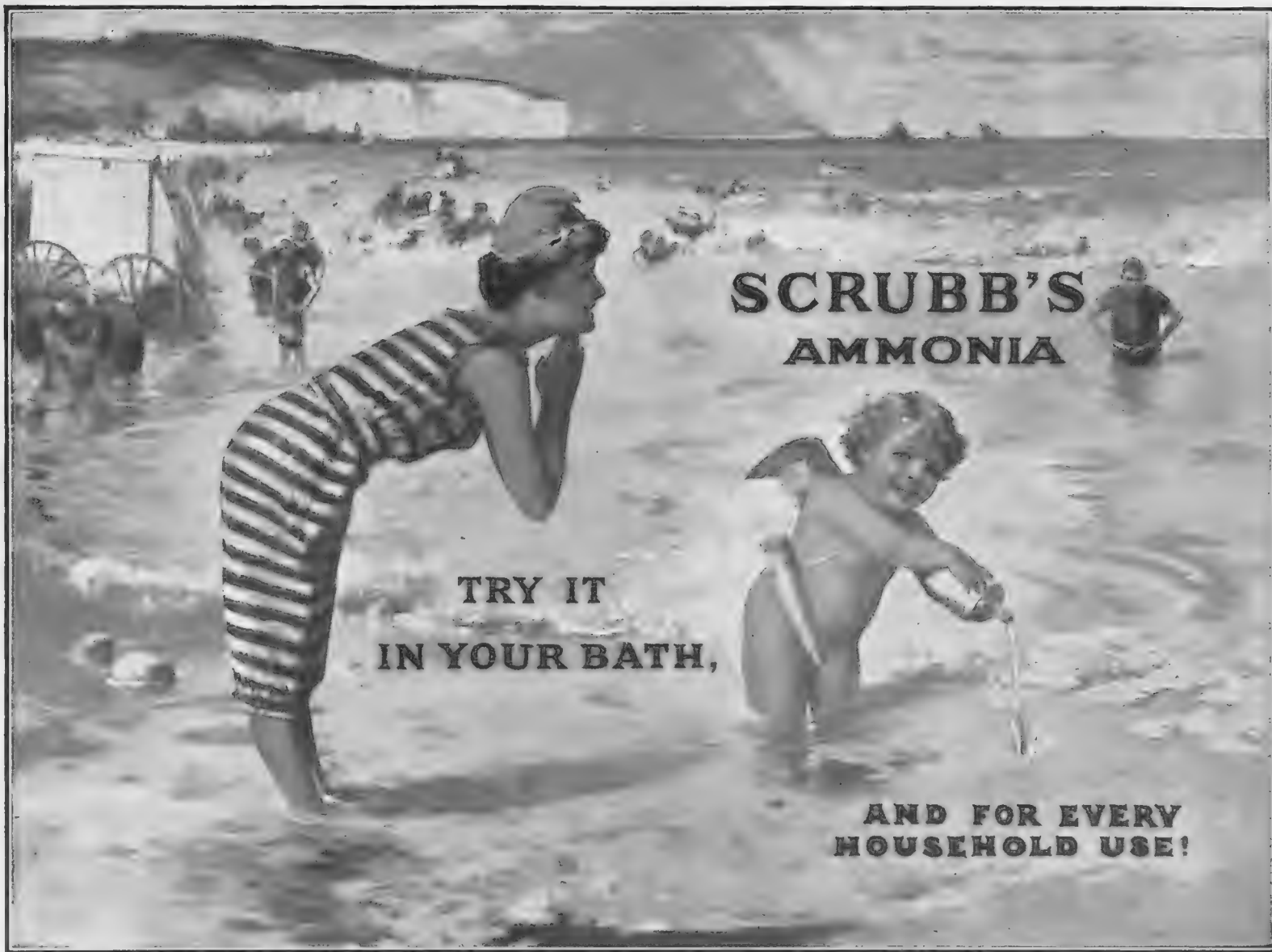
Born  
1820—  
Still  
Going  
Strong.

### *The Modern Cry—"JOHNNIE WALKER."*

*A hoped-for joy throbs in each human breast—you long for that which gives to life a zest ;  
You toy with this and that, and come to know that Johnnie Walker is indeed the best.*

*"White Label" is 6 years old. "Red Label" is 10 years old. "Black Label" is 12 years old. To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain our unique quality.*

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.



**SCRUBB'S  
AMMONIA**

**TRY IT  
IN YOUR BATH,**

**AND FOR EVERY  
HOUSEHOLD USE!**



BY APPOINTMENT.

JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE  
**Goldsmiths & Silversmiths  
Company LTD.**

With which is incorporated THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, LTD.  
(A. B. Savory & Sons). Estd. 1751.

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**DESIGN      QUALITY      VALUE**

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# "Continental"

## Driving Gloves



MADE IN GREY AND BROWN.

SIZES: 7½ 8 8½ 9 9½ 10

**Fur Lined** - - **15/-** Per Pair.

**Fleece Lined** - - **11/6** Per Pair.

If required with elastic wrists, 6d. per pair extra.

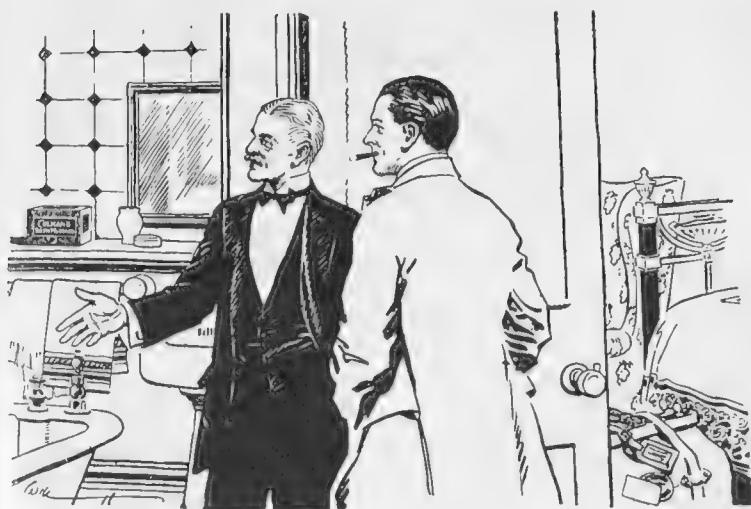
### Some Advantages.

- ☐ Waterproof backs.
- ☐ Hands kept dry and warm in the severest weather.
- ☐ Leather palms, ensuring a good grip.
- ☐ Soft and pliable.
- ☐ They are stylishly cut, and wear extremely well.

Have you tried the  
"Continental 1913"  
—the Tennis Ball  
of perfect balance?



CONTINENTAL TYRE  
AND RUBBER CO.  
(GREAT BRITAIN), LTD.,  
3 & 4, THURLOE PLACE,  
KENSINGTON, S.W.



"And this is your bathroom. I think you'll find everything you need—and the first thing you do, be sure

you put some mustard in your bath. I recommend it to all of my friends. There's nothing like a mustard-bath to invigorate one after such a train journey as you've just had.

"It'll not make you a minute late from dinner. It is so quickly done. And you'll feel so fine and fit to 'change.'

"I get the specially put-up Colman's Bath Mustard. You'll find just the quantity in one carton for your bath. For years I've used the regular 'Colman's'—before they put up these bath-packets; simply took two or three tablespoonfuls, mixed it in a little cold water, stirred it round in the bath—and felt like a new man when I climbed out of the tub."

The action of mustard in the bath is no mystery,—though it restores tired muscles, soothes the nerves and clears the brain (by equalising the blood-circulation) as if by magic. Scientists and doctors demonstrated years ago how mustard in a bath acts upon the entire system through the cutaneous blood vessels. Have you Colman's Mustard in the house?



### It's just that *extra touch*

—that Lemco finish—which makes Lemco so valuable to the cook, and Lemco dishes such a welcome change to the ordinary menu. Lemco is the best stock in the world and the handiest stock.

Its richness—goodness—purity—can always be relied upon. It makes cooking easy. Novel and dainty dishes, be they savoury, salad, entrée, ragout, curry or meat-jelly, can be prepared with the greatest ease and economy and with certain success by using Lemco.

A powerful digestive as well as a food, its tonic influence on the digestion enables the system to obtain *more* nutriment from other foods than it otherwise would.



Thames House - London. E.C.



BAGENALSTOWN.  
"HAS used the 'Cyclax' Special Lotion, also Skin Food, for more than a year and finds them very good."

POSEN.  
"I AM very pleased with your preparations, they do wonderfully suit my skin. I used a great deal of French and German preparations of great renown, but none did equal yours."

RINGMER.  
"IS very pleased with all the preparations."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.  
"YOUR preparations have done my face more good than anything I have tried."

BECKENHAM.  
"I LIKE your Face Powder very much indeed."

CHATHAM.  
"IS very pleased with the Soap sent her."

WOKING.  
"IS much pleased with both Powder and Face Ointment."

MANCHESTER.  
"AND one box of white Face Powder. I do so like it."

BEXHILL.  
"SHE is much pleased with the 'Cyclax' preparations she has already had."

## The Gift of Beauty.

Of all the gifts bestowed by the gods on woman, surely there has been none greater than the Gift of Beauty. And the adorable woman is she who not only accepts this gift with gratitude, but—realising its value as one of the greatest powers in the world, takes care that it does not depart from her after the first blush of youth.

In order that the beautiful woman may continue to charm and to retain universal admiration, she must learn the right way to preserve her attractions. This is the simplest thing in the world. In that excellent little work, "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," brought out by Mrs. Hemming, and published by the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, London, W., full details are given of natural methods of taking care of the skin, arresting those tell-tale lines which come as the years go past, improving the figure and maintaining the health. No woman who believes in retaining her beauty should be without a copy of this valuable work, which is sent gratis, and post free on application to the Cyclax Company.



To retain natural beauty or to remedy the defects of person caused by Time's remorseless finger, it is by no means necessary to submit to dangerous operations. Beware of the knife—of hypodermic injections of unknown compounds—of skin-peeling—and, in fact, of all operating methods which are so frequently advocated for enhancing beauty.

Take no risks! The Cyclax Company has persistently refused to sanction these questionable ways of treating the skin, and Mrs. Hemming strongly advises those who ask her opinion to decline to allow themselves to be experimented upon in any of these directions.

The Cyclax methods of cultivating and preserving beauty are based upon common-sense and hygiene. Highly trained

and skilled ladies give treatments under Mrs. Hemming's supervision at her well-known spacious rooms at 58, South Molton Street. These treatments are unique, and their results give such wide-spread satisfaction that almost all sittings have now to be booked in advance. In all these treatments the Cyclax preparations, only, are used, and clients are given careful instructions with regard to Home Treatment.

RADNORSHIRE.  
"SHE likes the Skin Food so much that she will be obliged if they will send her another pot."

LIVERPOOL.  
"... is delighted with the Bloom of Nature and would be glad of another box."

COTTINGHAM.  
"LIKED the Skin Food very much. She would like another pot."

INDIA.  
"I REALLY am longing and longing for it to arrive. I have never used anything that has been so beneficial to my skin as your Skin Food. It preserves and beautifies one's skin most wonderfully. I only wish I could come home and be treated by you."

INDIA.  
"I AM glad to be able to tell you that my skin continues to improve. I am also glad to find the 'Cyclax' preparations keep so well in this country."

PENMAENMAWR.  
"YOU advised me to try the 'Cyclax' Remedies to build up my skin, with a view to eradicating wrinkles. I have used these preparations since then and have been very pleased indeed with the result. The lines under and at the corners of my eyes have practically disappeared, and those on the forehead are less visible."

### ABBREVIATED LIST OF "CYCLAX" PREPARATIONS:—

**Skin Food** Nutritive and Emollient. Refreshes and nourishes the Skin as water does the plant. Price 4/- & 7/6.  
**Special Lotion** The key-note of the proper treatment of the skin. Cleanses it immediately from all acidity, roughness and redness, &c. Price 5/6 and 10/6.  
**Braceine** Magnificent tonic—invigorates the muscles and rejuvenates the face. Price 4/- and 7/6.  
**Complexion Milk** Whitens the Skin. Eradicates all lines. Price 4/- and 7/6.

**Transforming Lotion** An excellent protective agent, which imparts lovely transparent whiteness to the skin. Price 3/6 and 6/6.  
**Lip Lotion** Overcomes most obstinate cases of cracked lips and intensifies colour. Price 3/-.  
**Face Powder** Unlike any other powder. Invisible and antiseptic. Price 6/6.  
**Bloom of Nature Powder** Exact reproduction of natural colour. Price 3/6.  
**Soap** Whitens and softens the Skin. Emollient as washing in milk. Price 3/6 per tablet or 9/6 per box.

THE "CYCLAX" CO., 58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.



Diamond Half Hoops,  
£10 upwards.



Diamonds,  
£41  
Others from £10



Diamonds,  
£27

Selections on approval at  
our risk and expense.

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FINE GEM RINGS

IN THE NEW PLATINUM SETTINGS.

BEST VALUE AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

OR THE ECONOMICAL AND EQUITABLE "Times" SYSTEM OF MONTHLY PAYMENTS IS AVAILABLE.

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Diamonds and Rubies,  
£17



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Illustrated Book No. 1  
of Rings, etc.,  
with Size Card Free.

Dr. de JONGH'S COD LIVER OIL.

**Dr. de JONGH'S**  
LIGHT-BROWN  
**COD LIVER OIL**

For Consumption, Bronchitis,  
Laryngitis, Rheumatism, Debility.

Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., said:—  
"I have found your Cod Liver Oil more uniform in character, more uniform in its action, more easily digested than any other Cod Liver Oil."

Sold by all Chemists in Imperial Capsuled Bottles.  
Half-pints, 2/6; Pints, 4/6; Quarts, 9/-.  
Sole Consignees—  
**ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., Ltd., 182, Gray's Inn Rd., London.**

**FOOT'S "ADAPTA" BED-TABLE.**

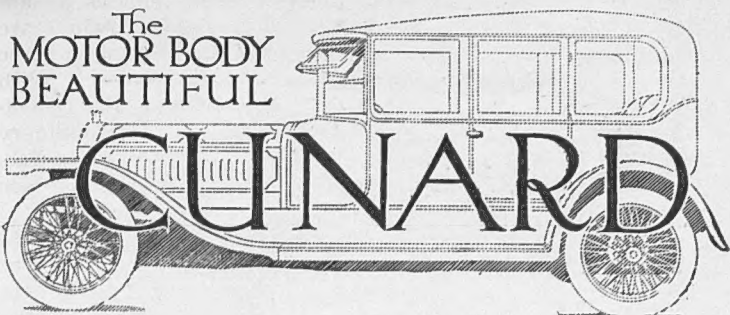
Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 43 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

**PRICES.**

No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top £1 7 6  
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MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL TO THOSE NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED.  
Carriage Paid in Great Britain. BOOKLET A 13 FREE.

**J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 13), 171, New Bond Street, London, W.**



"The Acme of perfection of design and finish."—*Tatler*, Nov. 13, 1912.

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WE are fitting Cunard Bodies for owners of the famous Noiseless Napier. They impart that distinctive appearance to the car which makes one exclaim—"That's a Cunard Body!"

IF you wish to know the cost of this beautiful and distinctive bodywork pay us a visit or write for the CUNARD Book.

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## SHOT - CHECK WHIPCORD

There is every indication that Whipcord Suiting will be in great demand for Spring and Early Summer Tailor-mades. Last year diagonal whipcords were all the rage, but for the present Season an entirely new make of Whipcord has been produced. These new shot-check whipcords are most effective. They have a lovely sheen, which gives them the effect of rich shot silk.

### STREET SUIT

(as sketch)

made in new shot-check whipcord, collar of corded silk to tone. Coat lined with silk to match. Perfectly cut and tailored.

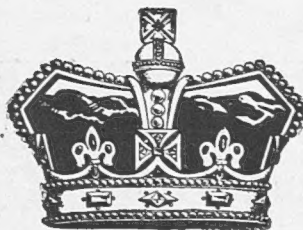
5½ Gns.

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(DEBENHAM & FREEBODY LIMITED)

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Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value

"The best that ever  
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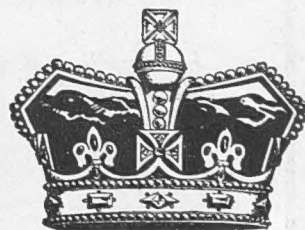


A taste will convince that it is the Sovereign Whisky of the age. Try it.

Price 4/- per bottle.

To be had from all the leading Wine and Spirit Merchants, Hotels, Stores, etc.

**ROBERT BROWN, LTD., Distillers,**  
by Royal Warrant, GLASGOW, and  
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# The new HOME Cinematograph

That marvellous new invention, the PATHESCOPE, enables you to enjoy a perfect cinema entertainment IN YOUR OWN DRAWING ROOM. **¶** Gives pictures equal to those in the theatres. **¶** A child can work it. **¶** The one action of turning handle generates the current (without any outside electrical connection), switches on light and sets picture in motion.

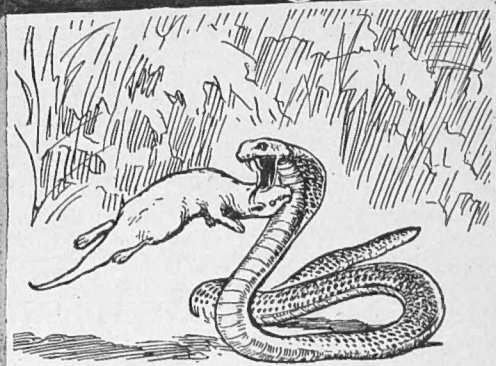
COUNTRY FAMILIES living in districts remote from theatre centres, can provide exclusive entertainment in their own homes by means of the Pathescope.

**¶** Absolutely self-contained, and as simple as a sewing machine.

It instructs and delights the CHILDREN. Parents ensure good subjects, as only films of highest character are issued. **¶** INVALIDS may enjoy the Pathescope—can be worked even in bedroom. NON-INFLAMMABLE films—no risk of fire.

Price £15, complete, ready for immediate use.

Films may be changed twice weekly by means of Pathescope Library subscription moderate.



FIGHT BETWEEN SNAKE & MONGOOSE

## THE PATHÉSCOPE

Call or write for free Pathescope Booklet and long list of films for selection: **PATHESCOPE, Ltd., Dept. S K., 168, Piccadilly, London, W.**  
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**FREE DEMONSTRATIONS** continually given at above addresses, also by agents in all parts of the country. (Names on application).



SWIFT

SURE

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Reliable results — perfect "finish" — all orders executed in *Four Days*. That is why discriminating people prefer the "Achille Serre Service."

Write for Price List and address of nearest Branch or Agent. Sent Post Free.

## Achille Serre Ltd.

Hackney Wick, London.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.



(By Appointment.)



E 1633

Black veiling  
18 inches wide.  
2/6 a yard.

"Berkwood"  
A useful hat in any shade of pedal  
straw, with fancy straw trimming in  
contrasting colours, & natural wing, price 3/6

### The Spring Millinery

ALL THAT IS DESIRABLE in fashionable Millinery can be seen here. In our New Millinery Salons on the first floor you will find hats which women of good taste can wear—distinctive without being bizarre. A point worthy of your consideration.

## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED

DRAPERS AND COURT DRESSMAKERS  
Vere Street and Oxford Street, London, W.





## The Last Word in Shirt Blouses

MANY excellent new Styles are included in our Blouse assortments for Early Spring, one of which is illustrated by our sketch. This becoming Shirt Blouse is made in good quality Jap. Silk, hem-stitched; finished with the new Sunshine collar and smart bow, with enamelled buttons fastening down front—the new "Highwayman" cuffs fasten with links to match buttons on front; available in all sizes. It can also be had with collar fastening higher at neck. Made in our own workrooms. Special Value **29/6**

Orders by post receive special and prompt attention, and all purchases are forwarded carriage free in the U.K.

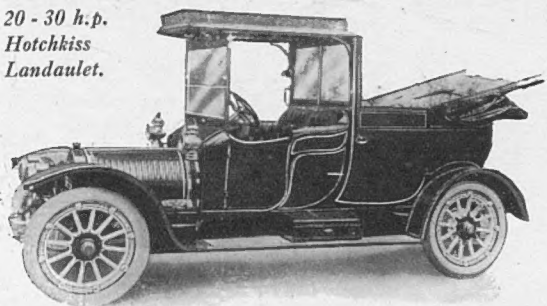


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Hotchkiss  
Landaulet.



If you garage  
in town, our  
Maintenance System  
can save you  
money. Let  
us send par-  
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Just as we welcome the criticism of keen judges of car comfort and appearance, upon every detail of Hotchkiss design and finish, so we provide every facility for competent engineering critics to investigate every feature of Hotchkiss construction.

The best efforts of the keenest brains in the car manufacturing business are expended upon the

# HOTCHKISS

"The Car with No Weakness  
to Hide."

12 - 16 h.p. Chassis with Tyres	-	-	-	£360
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For Diagrams, Specifications, and complete description of models, send for the beautifully illustrated Presentation Book of the Hotchkiss.

## London & Parisian Motor Co., Ltd.

87A, Davies Street, London, W.

Sole Agents for South of England for Sankey Steel Wheels.

## The Cult of Beauty.

A RARE COLLECTION OF  
BEAUTY HINTS FROM NEAR  
AND FAR.—HOME RECIPES.

### The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair.

"Applied Arts."

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the look-out for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy, and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose, it comes to the chemist only in  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. sealed original packages, enough for fifteen or twenty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

### Home Beauty Aids.

"Household Hints."

A persistently shiny nose or a dull, lifeless complexion drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. If you have no clemintine in the house you need only get about an ounce from your chemist and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin, and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection.

### Systematic Hair-pulling.

"Homely Hints."

Systematic hair-pulling is practised regularly by many people to strengthen the hair roots and remove deadened or "over-ripe" hair. They lift the scalp gently but firmly by grasping large handfuls of hair close to the roots. This is much better than rubbing the scalp, which bruises and weakens the hair. But where the hair is falling out badly a good scalp tonic is needed, and the best one is so simple it can be made at home. Get about an ounce of boranum from the chemist, and mix it with  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint bay rum. Apply with the finger-tips to the scalp occasionally and marked results will soon become apparent.

### Cultivating Eyelashes.

"Useful Talks."

It seems strange that women who aspire to making the most of their good looks do not give more attention to their eyebrows and lashes—the most expressive features of the face. Stroking gently with a soft camel-hair brush will do much to train and beautify the hairs, and for making them grow long and dark, smart women are using a substance known to chemists as mennaline, which is absolutely harmless, and may be applied directly with the finger tips. This very delicate, pomade-like substance is somewhat rare, and your chemist may have to order it for you from his wholesaler, but it is well worth the trouble, for long, curling, dark lashes make even the plainest face very attractive.

### Camphor to Combat Female Moustaches.

"Practical Suggestions."

Simple household drugs furnish the best means of permanently destroying the roots of superfluous hair. For this purpose smart women use a simple lotion consisting merely of one half-ounce spirits of camphor and two ounces peroxide of hydrogen. Pour out about half-a-teaspoonful, to which add a few drops of ammonia. First, however, the superfluous hair must be removed by applying pure powdered pheninol directly to it. This immediately exposes and weakens the hair roots. The camphor lotion is then applied daily in the manner described until the damaged roots are entirely killed. When thus used, in combination, these four drugs seem to react upon each other in such a way as not only to remove the hair instantly, but to permanently destroy the roots.



### IMPROVE YOUR BUST by Treatment with Galéguine de Nubie

It is a natural product possessing properties which harden and develop the bust, at the same time filling out the hollows of the shoulders. In a comparatively short time this treatment has proved its usefulness in thousands of cases, and has been moreover approved by eminent medical men. Galéguine de Nubie entails no unpleasant consequences, and has no effect upon any other part of the body. Equally suitable for Matron or Maid. No change of diet is necessitated.

Galéguine de Nubie is prepared in cachet form.

The complete treatment, with a very interesting booklet, is sent privately packed on receipt of P.O. for 5s., by Roberts and Co., 76, New Bond Street; Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Heppell's; or Laboratoire Médical, 16, Rue Clairaut, Paris; and 61, New Oxford Street, London.

The booklet can be obtained post free from the last-mentioned address.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"The Finger of Mr. Blee."**

By PETER BLUNDELL.  
(*The Bodley Head.*)

Jallagar is the scene of Mr. Blee's operations, and Jallagar, "as most people do not know, is one of the hundred little limewashed settlements which are scattered like daisies over the surface of the globe between Hong Kong and Papua, each with its two or three officials, its tiny band of European civilians, and its enormous parish-pump." Mr. Blee illustrates, in his stumpy and generally unprepossessing person, the humours of the Eurasian. Not the least of them is a quaintly ornate Mrs. Malapropriateness. "If one lives in Rome, one must do, if possible, the Romans," Harold would quote; or "the cloud in my silver-lining" he would say, alluding to an objectionable enemy, and in moments of confidence might speak proudly of "my fiasco, Lily." Mr. Harold Blee was a Government office boy; civilian jealousy of service prestige made a pretty dish of light intrigue, and Mr. Blee's finger was always in it. As he is always a humourist, conscious and unconscious, too, he is great fun. And his author writes with an air of enjoying the fun as much as anyone, which is infectious. An unassuming, but skilfully painted Asiatic background adds savour to the matter—the Asia where people plant tin in their back-gardens, and having sold the plantations to companies, live happily ever afterwards.

**"Hilary's Career."**

By PARRY TRUSCOTT.  
(*T. Werner Laurie.*)

Hilary's mother, discussing her case with an intelligent woman, remarked, "If you want one more instance straight from life for your Suffrage people, to spur them on to fresh endeavour, I'm going to give it you." And yet, though concerned with that quaint law which so shocked my Uncle Toby's chivalry—the law declaring that a mother is not a parent—Mr. Truscott has indulged in no party prejudice. He has written, on the contrary, a very delicate and discriminating study of a domestic situation, and has drawn the portrait of an entirely charming woman. If, on the whole, he thinks that a mother's authority should stand sacred above a father's, it is on the ground of the wisdom that springs from sympathy rather than from world-knowledge. Hilary's father wished him to become a publisher that his beloved business might continue, not because he believed Hilary specially fitted for it; Hilary's mother wished him to enter the Navy, not on account of her family tradition, but in accordance with all she knew of his character, his ambitions, and his capacities. Only the discovery that

she had never, after all, been a wife, gave her the legal position of a parent, and permitted her to put up a fight. She does fight, but with such generous sympathy for a rather antipathetic husband that none can take offence. Mr. Truscott engages the reader also on behalf of the hapless father; it becomes impossible to think otherwise than kindly of so simple and kind a man—a man who evoked from his wife a deeper motherliness than she ever brought to her love for her son. But Hilary would have fared badly had he been legitimate.

**"The Strolling Saint."**

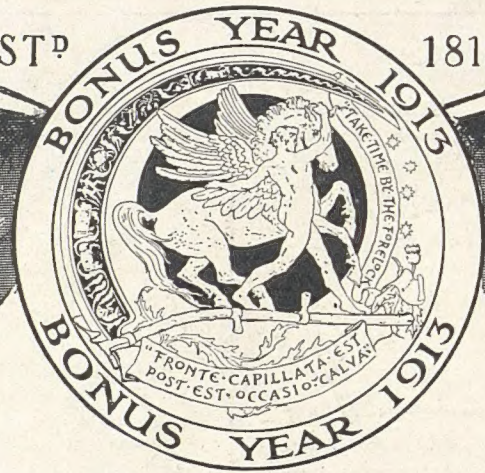
By RAFAEL SABATINI.  
(*Stanley Paul.*)

The Lord of Mondolfo tells his lurid story in pages filled with the romance, the decoration, and the devotions of the Italian Renaissance as used by the average novelist. His unpleasantly pious mother had dedicated him before birth to the Church, and sent him forth from her protection—which had been imprisonment—quite unprepared for the cynicism and superstition and riotous living outside. "That cesspool that was known as the Roman Curia," the Inquisition, and torture to the third degree went to his education. A Pope's bastard became a painful and startling truth when met as a powerful Prince. Extremes of womanly vice and purity embodied in equally charming exteriors add to the ripening of his character; and all ends well in a world which was, and must ever remain, more replete with beauty and horror than lies in the daring of the bravest novelist.

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By E. MARIA ALBANESI.  
(*Methuen.*)

"When Greek meets Greek" becomes a faint battle-image if put beside "When man meets woman." Mme. Albanesi has confronted a quite naturally selfish and pleasure-loving girl with a morbid young man of intensity, passion, and difficult temper. Physical beauty and great charm of manner condone her selfishness, and his rough gaucherie is balanced by unusual depths of devotion. But Elizabeth lived on the surface of her world, as most young people do, and she married the wrong man. Very few heroines go to so bitter a school as she. And seeing that she is the most lovable creature of the book, it is amazing how little love fell to her share. The disappointed lover makes a poor show. By their fruits the cynic will deduce that an obviously pretty manner always on view is preferable to a heart of gold buried in inaccessible depths. Mme. Albanesi is a skilful story-teller—there is something of the best tradition of the Victorians about her novels, and she knows well how to put her reader *au courant* with the not very distinguished, but essentially human, personalities of her stories.



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